



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 25 – Number 6

August 1, 2007



**Special Features This Issue**  
“38th Annual John Gardner Small Craft Workshop”  
“Messing about in the New York Canals”  
“Life on an Offshore Island”

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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



The photo above from long time reader/friend Betsey Woodward shows Jane and I (center) at this years John Gardner Small Craft Workshop with other long time attendees Zell Steever and Myron Young. We all enjoyed our day but I found I continue to have reservations about such gatherings as the times seem to be changing ever more rapidly.

Because the event has so long a history now (38 years to date) and also has significance greater than its current scale and scope, my journalistic instincts seem to urge me to have more to say about these reservations.

Its significance lies in its inception by John Gardner, then Mystic's Small Craft Curator in 1970, as part of his sounding the alarm over impending Coast Guard regulations governing small craft design and construction that would have just about killed off traditional small boats due to absurd flotation test procedures favoring flat bottomed, wide beamed, outboard types. The Coast Guard backed off and so we still can enjoy building and using the traditional small boats of bygone times today. The threat was repulsed but the gathering carried on.

Due to the crisis nature of that time, attendance at those early workshops was substantially larger than today with a number of well-known professional small craft designers and builders in attendance. I had a copy of a report on the 1973 workshop from the *National Fisherman* around here somewhere but failed to come up with it in my files when I went looking for it, thinking to extract from it some snippets that illustrated the dynamic

involvement of so many small craft enthusiasts, professionals, and amateurs, all mixing together at this then new annual gathering at the historic Mystic Seaport.

Lacking the factual evidence I have to fall back on my recollection of the article and state that those early years were the best ones when enthusiasm ran high and numbers participating created that critical mass of people that causes gatherings to take off. Even when I first turned up full of newfound enthusiasm for traditional small craft in 1980 there was a palpable aura of excitement amongst the substantial crowd.

As we continued to attend year after year over the ensuing 25-plus years that aura of excitement seemed to fade and I don't believe it was just me, attendance fell off and on a couple of occasions efforts were undertaken to rejuvenate the affair, it had fallen to such modest levels of support and participation. Early attendance in the '70s had been so large that the Seaport was concerned about it becoming too large for its available waterfront facilities so it sent out invitations annually to only those who had previously attended. Inevitably the number responding fell to a level where it was felt necessary to turn around the decline in attendance so it was opened up to all comers.

This year, like last, appeared to be noticeably down on participation. There was open space on the tiny beach, fewer boats back on the grass because of too crowded a beach, and the dock space was not overcrowded. I enjoyed meeting with and talking to many who were enthused about it all, it's not moribund but anyone who had been there in those bygone years could sense the difference. Just my own view about "it ain't like it used to be?" Maybe, but the numbers, while not important in an absolute sense (how many came), tell the story in relative terms. Interest is in decline.

Because my attention span seems to peter out over 20-25 year periods (in 60 years of adult life I'm now 25 years into only my third major period), it's quite possible that I am succumbing to that "been there, done that" syndrome which is affecting my viewpoint when I go to events like the workshop. I tend to doubt this though, as my enthusiasm for this magazine and all the tales you share with us all, continues to be undiminished.

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## On the Cover...

Owners and lovers of traditional small craft gathered once again for the 38th year at Mystic Seaport's John Gardner Small Craft Meet the first weekend in June. Our cover features two examples of the sort of small boats that can be seen and tried at the gathering on the tiny Seaport beach; a just completed Aleut baidarka amateur built from plans in Chappelle and an 1890s original Adirondack guideboat. More photos are featured on pages 8-11.





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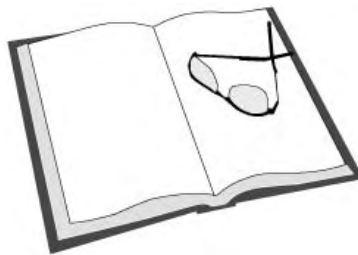
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Here's the fascinating story of a man who has been messing about in boats all his life. Not messing about like you and me and all the other readers of this magazine, but mega-messing in big boats. And the plural doesn't mean a couple of boats. It means about 30 of 'em, not counting small stuff like iceboats, canoes, kayaks, skiffs, and a kit-built seaplane.

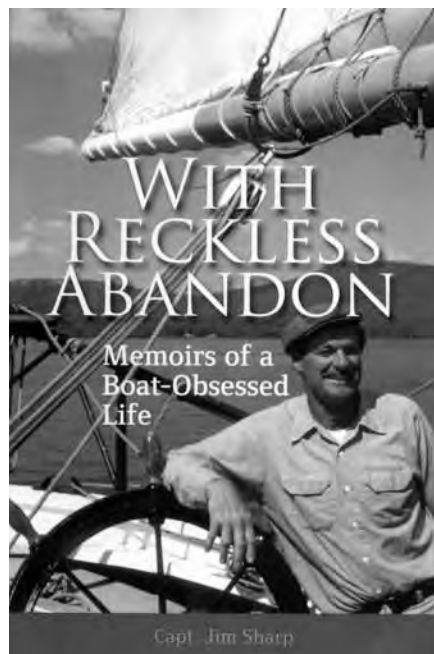
Most notably, Capt. Jim Sharp owned the historic ex-Grand Banks schooner *Adventure*, 122' and 230 tons, with a push boat in davits for auxiliary power. He skippered her in the Maine passenger trade for two decades. But before, during, and after that time he owned, rebuilt, maintained, and personally operated, among others, a few tugboats, working them "off season" (winter), the famous 88' Arctic explorer *Bowdoin*, the ex-Boston harbor pilot schooner *Roseway*, a couple of pedigree yachts (Alden, Herreshoff), a converted 65' Nova Scotia sardine carrier (cruised through the Great Lakes, down the Mississippi, over to Florida, and back to Maine for a vacation), a 60' Norwegian inter-island freighter, an iron-hulled Dutch barge (in European canals), and so on and so on.

Don't expect to get bored with all these boats. Capt. Sharp paints each of his "reckless" adventures with a deft brush and rich colors. You quickly come to recognize he's not really reckless at all. In spite of his almost unnatural appetite for challenges in the form of down-and-out but full-of-promise vessels, a leg weakened by a bout with polio when he was a youth, and resources sometimes stretched pretty thin, he mostly comes out on top and rarin' to get "reckless" again.

Take the case of the last operational steam tug in the coastal US, which he found on the brink of going to the ship breakers. Her owner had tried to sell her, even offered her to a nonprofit, but no takers. So the reckless captain buys her for scrap value and has her towed to Camden, Maine, where, after deftly skirting some local bureaucracy, he installs her on the town waterfront. Up to his



## Book Review



### *With Reckless Abandon* *Memoirs of a Boat-Obsessed Life*

By Capt. Jim Sharp  
ISBN 1-928862-12-8  
Softcover, 270 pages, 6x9" w/ photos  
Devereaux Books - \$18.95

Reviewed by Stuart Hopkins

hubcaps in grease, grime, and heavy labor he turns the aging beauty into a successful restaurant whose centerpiece is the ancient 15' high steam engine with its brass polished up to the nines.

The details of this bit of recklessness are too rich to give away but they include a cantankerous old crane named Ichabod, a reluctant sister, a recalcitrant monster piston, 10,500 gallons of bunker C fuel, cutting torches, a missing fingertip, a steam engine driven by electricity, and the contents of the old boat's huge holding tank. Was it all a smashing success? Did Walter Cronkite and other notables come to dine? Did the town of Camden make peace with the behemoth parked on its doorstep?

That's just a taste of one chapter. There are 22 more, equally enthralling. Like when a movie company came and used the schooner *Adventure* for a TV remake of *Captain's Courageous*. Like when... no, you better get ahold of this book and read it all for yourself. This is messing about by a top-hole big-time messer and no lesser messer ought to miss it.



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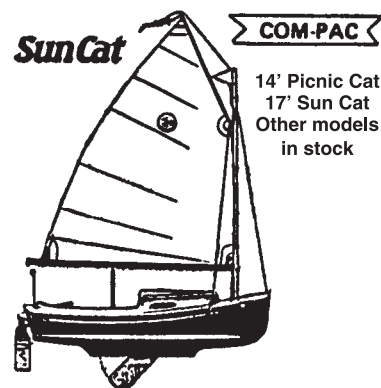
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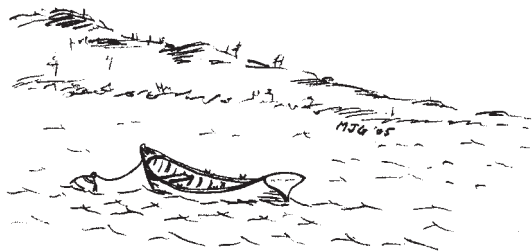
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By Matthew Goldman

## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

In the next village over, in a cedar-shingled cottage, resided an older couple. Being country folk and local, they'd been here since The Flood. But they had few pretensions and, for some reason, seemed to like me. Across the road from their house sprouted a little barn. Inside slept an old blue truck, a '49 Ford. But underneath the barn, around the back by the half-acre vegetable garden, dwelt the boat. Just a planked skiff, about 16', she patiently reclined on her trailer awaiting the old man's fancy.

He invited me to accompany him one day. I was 12 that summer and fishing had overcome me. Every spare moment I spent with a rod in my fist, coercing small piscine creatures to play with me. This would be different. Our quarry, the wily flounder. This old man had catching fish down to a science. Rods and reels did not prove expeditious. Fishing was a way of filling his freezer, one of his freezers. The half-acre garden produced an abundance of vegetables but little in the way of protein. Hence the boat. This would prove a lesson for me in how one might survive in a world without a grocery store.

The old blue truck carried us down to a tidal flat connected to Long Island Sound. It seemed that we parked in the middle of nowhere, a woodsy, remote dirt road. The old man got out.

"First things first," he told me. "Just reach in the glove box and hand me that roll of paper. I gotta take me a dump."

This was just an amazing revelation. My father would never, ever, go into the woods expressly to "take a dump." My mother would not go into the woods at all. When the old man returned we set about catching bait.

We each held a pole supporting a net about 3'x12'. Then we walked through the shallows, surrounded a school of mummichogs, and treated them to a boat ride in the bait bucket. We launched the skiff and proceeded to feed the little flounders their lunch.

The boat, flat bottomed, drew about next to nothing. The minimal outboard hadn't much appetite. Considering gas cost 25¢ per gallon, I doubt that our boating venture cost more than a dime.

We traversed a stretch of shallow water between a grassy island and the shore. Here the old man set what he called "tip-ups." These consisted of the disc-shaped corks used for floating gill nets, each transfixed by a batten painted bright red. A baited hook secured to 8' of line depended from the shorter end of this batten. We set these contraptions in the water on their sides. When a fish took the bait, the batten would tip upright.

We set about ten of these several yards apart, let the tide take them, and followed them in the boat. The old man ran the motor, I tended the tip-ups. At a certain point we retrieved them and took them back to the start of the course. "Le sport" was not in the least a consideration.

Around and around we puttered and watched for strikes. We might have filled the boat with fish had the flounder cooperated. Only a pair of them came aboard to visit. We gave them the guest room suite and informed them that supper was served at six.

After the tide had changed we gave it up.

"Gol durned flipping fish," the old man mumbled. Except he pronounced the first three words a bit differently. He gave me both the fish when we returned. "Cook 'em as soon as you can," he urged. "They won't get any better."

His grandson recently sold the cottage after his mother died. The shakes on the house, the third or fourth set, had crumbled and turned green. The sills of the barn came away by the handful, birds flew in through the roof. The boat, blown full of leaves and seeds and rain these 40 years, had rotted away. Twenty-foot maples grew in the vegetable garden.

"I can remember," he said to me, "when I was little Grampy took me flounder fishing one day. He'd just retired and he'd bought this new, blue pick-up truck. You'll never guess what he use to keep in the glove box."

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## Activities & Events...

### Grand Canal Journey of Schooner *Lois McClure*

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum's Schooner *Lois McClure* and her companion tugboat *C.L. Churchill* embarked in mid-June on a summer long journey over 1,000 miles in 100 days, from Lake Champlain to 25 historic ports of call along the historic and scenic Erie Canal and the New York State Canal System from the Albany capital district, to the Finger Lakes region, Buffalo, and back.

The museum, its partners, and sponsors have joined together to provide the public an opportunity to gain perspective on the historic and present significance of the New York State Canal System. Canalside communities will celebrate their distinct contributions to canal culture by creating their own events to embrace the arrival of the *Lois McClure* at their ports.

Erick Tichonuk, LCMM's Replica Vessel Coordinator and captain, spent 13 days on the road in March surveying docking facilities along the canals and speaking with community representatives. He reports that the response has been phenomenal. "The smaller towns have a strong connection with the canal, it's deeply woven into the fabric of their communities. They're planning exciting events around our arrival. One western Erie Canal village even wants to tow us into town with mules!"

The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum views the 2007 Grand Canal Journey as an opportunity to fulfill its mission of connecting the public to the significant collection of shipwrecks found in the waterways of our region. Lake Champlain, the Hudson River, the Finger Lakes, Lakes Ontario and Erie, all hold vast collections of intact wooden ships that reflect on all eras of human history. We look forward to hosting the public aboard the *Lois McClure* and traveling back in time along the Erie Canal Corridor, engaging our visitors in a discussion of the region's extraordinary history and archaeology.

### Remaining Grand Canal Journey Itinerary in New York as of August 1

#### August

4-5 Brockport  
7-8 Rochester  
11-12 Palmyra  
17-18 Syracuse  
21-22 Oswego  
26-27 Rome  
29 Utica

30 Herkimer;  
31 Little Falls

#### September

1 Little Falls  
4 Amsterdam  
7-9 Waterford Tugboat Roundup  
11-12 Albany  
15-16 Schuylerville  
18-19 Fort Edward;  
20-22 Whitehall

The *Lois McClure* returns home to Basin Harbor, Vermont, on September 24.

The Ship's Log & Itinerary can be viewed at [www.lcmm.org](http://www.lcmm.org).

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, Basin Harbor, VT

## Information of Interest...

### Adirondack Museum's 50th Year

In 2007 the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake, New York, is celebrating its 50th anniversary on August 11. Come celebrate with us, enjoy a 1957 themed party including classic cars, a '50s soda fountain, hula hoop contests, an Elvis impersonator, and, of course, birthday cake. Also, we will have our Adirondack Harvest Festival the first weekend in October, complete with apple pressing and wagon rides. For a complete list of this year's events we suggest you visit our web site at [www.AdirondackMuseum.org](http://www.AdirondackMuseum.org).

Our major celebration of small boats of the Adirondacks has already taken place in June with the return of the No Octane Regatta (look for a report on this event in an upcoming issue – Ed.).

Adirondack Museum, Rt. 28N & 30, PO Box 99, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812-0099, (518) 352-7311, [www.adirondackmuseum.org](http://www.adirondackmuseum.org)

### Hull Lifesaving Museum's 29th Year

We are cresting our 29th year with pleasure and anticipation. The recent opening of the Museum's new core exhibit about the history of shipwrecks and lifesaving in Boston Harbor has generated wonderful interest and energy. Programming at our Hull and Boston sites is teaming with radiant children, gifted artists, industrious maritime apprentices, committed historians, and enthusiastic visitors.

Some of our supporters feel passionately about the Museum's social service work while others cherish our historical preservation efforts. Some simply value having a local institution of the Museum's caliber and reputation in their own back yard, rare indeed. Whatever excites you about our work, please step forward. Your interest, enthusiasm, and generous support keep us keeping on!

As you contemplate the activities and programs that comprise the Museum, please consider our place in your life and the difference we make in the lives of others. To continue our good work we need your help. Your donations represent a crucial 10% of our budget annually. We are deeply grateful to the hundreds of friends who help us to sustain our vitality with their gifts annually.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., PO Box 221, Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433, [lifesavingmuseum@comcast.net](mailto:lifesavingmuseum@comcast.net), [www.lifesavingmuseum.org](http://www.lifesavingmuseum.org)



## Opinions...

### Don't Risk Hypothermia

I've been a small boater nearly all of my life and a good swimmer ever since my buddies threw me into a pond when I was about six years old. I am always astounded to recall how fast a dog paddle could be learned, for those buddies weren't about to pull me out.

I'm now a senior and have been kayaking for the past 20 years. But, I'm sad to say, I doubt if I've worn my PFD (that I usually take along) more than 25% of the time. Even though I'm a good swimmer, the "Off Season Boating...Cold Shock and Hypothermia" article in the April 15 issue made me realize what a great risk I had been taking at times. You can bet that I'll wear my PFD from now on.

Walter Head, Vilas, NC

## Projects...

### Building Poor Richard

I'm presently building a 1/10-scale model of Weston Farmer's Poor Richard Chesapeake style workboat. It is his Roamer variation vest pocket cruiser. Inspiration came from an article in a bygone issue about this boat.

Gary Snodgrass, Soledad, CA

## This Magazine...

### Remembers Girls Like Judy

I can only hope that the future issues will be as enjoyable as the June 1 issue, particularly the article by Charlie Jones ("My Most Memorable Sailing Experience"). As a young guy I ran a marina reminiscent of the Mic Mac and seem to remember girls like Judy.

I am now building an Irish curragh to section row to Key West in my dotage

Al Watkins, Lexington, VA

### Well Worth the Fee

Please accept the additional amount enclosed with my renewal. I consider your publication well worth your subscription fee and the extra. It's not much but it is a vote of confidence for you and your journal, a source of great enjoyment for me.

Danny Saam, Hot Springs, CA

### Appreciates "Beyond the Horizon"

This is just a note to let you know we very much appreciate Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon." It's not about small boats but is very useful in my work and interesting as well.

Jon Leiby, Woods Hole, MA



### Renewal Notices

Most periodicals have the expiration date printed on the address label. Would that not alert your readers as to when they needed to renew? This would save you the time and money sending your personal renewal letter. Perhaps you could put something in the magazine about the drop dead date?

Thanks for the great magazine. About the only negative about my slipping my lines and moving recently was that my *Messing About in Boats* would have trouble catching up to me.

Michael Scott, Pahoa, HI

**Editor Comments:** This suggestion prompts me to once again discuss the matter of subscription fulfillment. Our experience is that about 20% of the renewals we get come from the follow-up "did you forget" letter, the original personal renewal letter having been overlooked. So I doubt that a tiny code number on the mailing address would adequately alert most subscribers that it was time to renew.

We mail the original renewal letters about six weeks ahead of the mailing date of the last issue on the subscription to give you time enough to get back to us, yet about 20% do not respond in time and have to catch up later when our follow-up letter reminds them, after their subscription has expired and issues have stopped coming. This late renewal then begins with the next issue scheduled for bulk mailing.

What then often happens is the tardy renewal request asks that we supply the issues missed (usually two due to the mailing scheduling). This we cannot do as part of the subscription renewal as the missed issues cannot be included in the next bulk mailing, the postage cost for which (\$.41 each just bumped up from \$.28 each in May!!) comprises part of the total subscription price and so they must be mailed separately at \$1.31 for one, \$1.82 for two. We have to charge \$2 each as back issues to cover this extra expense.

When you move and do not tell us four to six weeks ahead of time (this includes seasonal moves), the same thing happens. The magazines are not forwarded and you miss some issues and belatedly want to get those missed issues, which we had already mailed to your old address not knowing you had moved until that post office sends us an address change (which costs us \$1) about six weeks after the fact. The old post office tosses the undeliverable issues into the trash. To honor a request for such missed issues we have to send replacement issues at the higher postage mentioned above.

Why do we use Third Class Bulk Mail? Because the other options for so small a periodical would price us way beyond what I feel is an acceptable subscription price. Our recent price increase to \$32 took into account that there would be a postage rate increase coming this spring, but the actual increase of over 40% came as a shock, we anticipated the more typical 10%-15% increase experienced in the past. Just gotta eat this one and hope no more surprises rise up to smack us down.

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A sunny early summer day on June 2 greeted this year's participants at this 38th annual gathering of small craft enthusiasts at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut. A nice sailing breeze was made evident when we arrived mid-morning by a small group of ACA canoe sailors already racing out on the river. An array of sailing, rowing, and paddling craft lined the small beach and adjacent docks and we were soon greeting old acquaintances and readers as we surveyed the assemblage to see what sort of small craft we'd enjoy viewing this year.

Some changes were evident, as long time organizer Peter Vermilya, Mystic's Small Craft Curator, had retired from this annual task in favor of Wade Smith from the Seaport's shipyard. The major change that affected our involvement was the absence of the binders containing the entry forms of each participant that outlined the facts and figures about each boat entered. As a result

## 38th Annual John Gardner Small Craft Workshop Mystic Seaport Museum

By Bob Hicks

we cannot bring you this year these details that illustrate the sort of small craft brought to the event to show or share with others.

Another change that positively impacted the participants was the introduction of color-coded tags on each participating boat. A green tag meant go right ahead and try out the boat if it was available on the dock or

beach. A yellow tag meant ask permission to try out the boat from its owner, who generally could be found nearby. A red tag meant the boat was not available for tryout unless accompanied by its owner.

Peter always used to state the purpose of the annual gathering succinctly, "It's all about the boats." The opportunity for trying out different small boats built or owned by like-minded enthusiasts has always been a major feature of this gathering. Anyone dreaming of building or buying a specific type of small sail, oar, or paddle powered boat had a possibility for a preview tryout here, or for evaluating several different types to see which might provide the most appeal.

During our stay my attention was drawn to certain of the boats and these form the collection of photos herewith presented for your enjoyment. My choices were entirely subjective, I just let my own interest in each boat govern my choice.



Side by side on adjacent docks, a fleet of participating small sailing craft ready for tryout and Sharon Brown's Boathouse Livery boats likewise awaiting use.



A set of articulated oars rested against the wall of the schooner Australia's shed caught my eye, the articulation in this instance being a set of straight cut gears meshed in brackets that would fit into gunwale mounted oarlocks. These turned out to be the creation of John Clark from Cape Cod. The gears were from an automatic transmission, very hi-tech and expensive, but providing a smooth reversal of the oarsman's thrust. They were leaning against the shed because they had overpowered the gunwale oarlock mounts.

As a result John and his son had to indulge in forward facing rowing of their comfortable looking skiff by facing forward and pushing on conventional oars.

Another option was to row Myron Young's skiff fitted with his articulated lever reversing oars which have been around for as long as I can recall, and are still marvelously slick at reversing one's rowing thrust.







An interest in Norse boats was represented by this nicely done craft fitted with a small square sail.

The owner (sorry about the lack of records) solved the challenge of getting out of the inner beach lagoon against the southwest headwind by dropping an anchor out near the entrance and running out its rode into the beach. Then he just hauled out to the anchor, hoisted it and then the sail and was off.

An afternoon lecture on Norse boats was presented by former Mystic Small Craft Curator, Ben Fuller, who is expert in all small craft genre (he really is folks!).

The ACA canoe sailors were joined by Clayton, New York's Antique Boat Museum's Chief Curator John Summers with his resurrected historic design 16-30 Class sailing canoe (see March 15 issue). Getting off the beach into that aforementioned headwind on (not in) the tippy craft was a short tacking adventure but once outside on the river John was off and soon hiked well out in the stiffening breeze.

Later we spotted long time sea kayaker and now canoe sailor, Chuck Sutherland, considerably more at ease in (not on) his ACA sailing canoe on a windward tack off the beach.



A youth participation program introduced a few years back in an effort to make the annual gathering more family friendly continues apace. One workshop was building simple model boats but this young man's effort was hardly simple, a trimaran rigged with many sails on both main hull and amas, all of which could be separated into individual vessels.

A second workshop involved a quick and dirty assembly of precut parts for an odd little boat by kids and parents, triumphantly carried to the beach after an hour or so of construction time and launched for sea trials by those involved in its building. After several years of experimenting with various modes of propulsion, the separate paddle wheel concept seems to have become the preferred, offering decent forward progress (forward facing paddle wheeling) and instant directional maneuverability.

Others of the youth brigade went right to the real thing. Here a lad wields his paddle in a Wee Lassie.



Bob Sparks has retired from selling his plans for his tortured ply Swamp Yankee solo canoe but still enjoys paddling his unique craft. Bob has provided a set of his plans to us for a future article.



That southwest wind effectively shut off easy access to the outer end of the dock when the sail of this Melonseed weathervaned across the dock.



A nicely done modified Monument River wherry, a modified copy of a contemporary design by Cape Cod's John Aborn based on the traditional New Hampshire Piscataqua River wherry.

Memories of old friend Bart Hawthaway were stirred by the sight of David Niles' 12' Sugar Island canoe on the beach offered for sale according to the sheet attached for \$975. Bart was the first to be accepted at long ago workshops with a fiberglass boat when dogma about wooden boats only be acceptable was far stronger an influence. It was John Gardner who invited Bart, for he was not blinded by dogma and recognized superb small boatbuilding talent and a superb small craft when he saw one.





Steve Dwyer underway in his fine furniture quality Jersey skiff with passenger aboard, a case I believe of a red tag designation for tryout.



Portrait of easy sailing, Kevin Rathbone at the helm of his Culler skiff which first appeared at the workshop over 30 years ago newly built by Kevin. Of plywood!



A work in progress displayed by Long Island's Wooden Boat Rescue Foundation, this well-used Culler skiff showed signs of typical restoration experience as more and more of it became revealed as in need of replacement as the task got underway. "The WBRF is dedicated to placing, saving, locating, researching, wishing for, learning about and dreaming of wooden boats." Our sort of folks. Sound interesting, visit their website at [www.woodenboatrescue.org](http://www.woodenboatrescue.org) or call Bruce Elfstrom at (860) 873-2169.



Peter Biancane had finished up his Unalaska Aleut kayak (from Chappelle) the day before the workshop, he'd not yet had opportunity for sea trials. Next to his newly built version of a historic type of small craft rests Dan Miller's Adirondack guideboat, an original Cole-built around 1890. The two represent the range of boats possible in traditional small boating.

Paul Erickson's double baidarka is strip built, but faithful to the skin boat's design, including that bifurcated bow said to have something to do with the original boat's high speed potential.



On the porch of Holiday House there was a bench with a map of Buzzards Bay varnished onto its top. One afternoon I tipped it 90 degrees so that the map stood vertical. My six-year-old son Zachary and I sat down on the floor to study it. I pointed out the destinations we had already explored in the Snark, including Rocky Point, Monument Beach playground, Monument Public Beach, the Back River, and the Pocasset River. Then I listed the places we hadn't yet visited. The name of one such place, Kokomo's, seemed to have special appeal to Zach. So the plan was set to launch our little sailboat for Kokomo's Restaurant on Mashnee Island the next day.

Mashnee, like Hog Island, was connected to the mainland by a dike and causeway as part of the Cape Cod Canal excavations in the 1910s and '20s. Once the home of a summer camp, the "island" now hosts a cozy enclave of tidy vacation homes on small lots boasting spectacular views of the Canal and Buzzards Bay. Zach and I sailed over there quickly on a course parallel to the dike and its long beach. We buzzed through the moored boats, noting the names. If we saw a boat at sea later whose name we recognized, we felt like old salts when we were able to say, "They moor off Mashnee."

### Buzzing Moored Boats

Some of the names made nautical puns based on the owner's surname or family situation, like *The Four Wynns* or *Three Buoys and a Gull*. Some names lamented (or boasted about) the expense of boating, like *Liquid Asset* or *Second Mortgage*. Still others bore female names, I assume to butter up wives whose husbands had put a large share of the household fortune into the boats. But in my opinion none of these names could compare with my grandfather's *Impulse*, the name he chose for his legendary Lyman lapstrake runabout, in reference to the urge that made him buy it.

Sailing among the moorings honed my helmsmanship, requiring me to head up or bear off to avoid transoms, bowsprits, and mooring buoys. The boats laid out a hundred possible courses allowing elaborate stars and polygon routes. It was my goal to pass each mark as closely as possible without hitting anything. There have been times when I've lost the wind in the lee of a tall cruiser or misjudged how much momentum I'd have when tacking and drifted towards inevitable contact. At such times I have had to call on Zach to fend off in the bow, as I did once today, pushing us safely away on another tack. On a few occasions I've had to grab the mainsail boom to pull it in closer or higher

## Snark Bytes

# Cruising to Kokomo's

By Rob Gogan



than the sheet would take it so that the rigging wouldn't snag on an outboard motor, flag mast, or other such obstacle.

We finally finished our elaborate route and landed, dropping and furling the sail. We beached the Snark near some dinghies kept there by the owners of the many moored boats. We dropped our PFDs in the hull so as not to be seen wearing them, which would mark us as nautical vagabonds.

### Nautical Vagabonds Ashore

Kokomo's was 200' inland from the beach. The only restaurant on the island, it had a "yacht club grille" feeling about it. Dressed in bathing suits and tee shirts we weren't presentable for a formal place. But looking up to the balcony I could see other diners in bathing suits and so decided to go in and see what \$10 would buy us. From Holiday House we could hear music and voices across the water from the evening functions up on the outdoor deck at Kokomo's. None of us had been here before, so we were the family's scouts. Since we only had a meager entertainment budget, this was a rare role for us. But it was the Fourth of July, Zach's half-year birthday, so I felt like splurging.

I picked out a table from which we could see the boat's little mast poking above the spartina grass. When we cruise it greatly enhances my comfort and leisure if I can see my boat from shore. I like to assure myself that a rising tide or thief has not absconded with the Snark. Humble it may be, but it is our ride home!

From the outdoor balcony we had a commanding view of the harbor. The restaurant's deck boosted us high enough to see the full Canal vista over the Mashnee Dike. We could see every boat's slow progress westbound against the tide and quick progress eastbound with the tide. Since it was Independence Day, I challenged Zach to find all the US flags flying. Sometimes when viewing a panorama children are overwhelmed and they get bored. But if they have a specific item to look for, they find much to appreciate. Right away we saw at least a dozen flags, and for the rest of our time there Zach kept pointing out new ones with his younger and sharper eyes. I didn't yet have the little pair of binoculars I bought to watch the Tall Ships come through the Canal a couple of years later. I've been back to Kokomo's since with the glasses and spotted over 25 Old Glories.

We also watched members of the club swim in the pool below and play volleyball on the lawn. I felt a little conspicuous as a non-member but the wait staff seemed to

welcome us heartily. I think they relaxed their standards for us since paying customers, even thrifty ones, were sparse that day. I scanned the menu and made mental notes about the selection and price range. There was a wide variety of hot and cold sandwiches and entrees. But all Zach wanted was a big bowl of chocolate ice cream. I ordered an iced tea for myself.

The nautical decor was well chosen with model sailing ships, weathered oars and spars with rusty hardware, and photos of large ships that had passed through the Canal. The only discordant note were the seashells the size of dinner plates. They must have been brought up from the calcium-rich waters of the Gulf or the Caribbean. The biggest intact shells we ever saw locally in Phinney's Harbor were 3" scallops. Though there were abundant big whelks, they always wore through in one or more areas immediately after the original occupant was through with them.

We left a generous tip and paid for our snacks with less than a dollar to spare. On the walk back to the boat we passed a marshy zone with succulent samphire, also known as glasswort. Its rubbery stalks whistled and whipped upright again when our steps displaced them. I read later that Nathaniel Hawthorne used to dine on samphire and biscuits on his seaside walks.

### Escaping Pretend Pirates

Seeing a Jolly Roger flying on a moored boat got Zach playing our pirate make-believe game again. I pointed out that if any pirates tried to chase us our Snark could skim the shoreline in waters too shallow for the pirate's deep-draft barks. William Dampier writes about how the Mosquito Indians used such a strategy to evade the buccaneers' longboats in the shallow rivers of Central America in the 1600s. When chased, the Mosquitoes would paddle their shallow-draft canoes upstream close to the riverbanks. The buccaneers propelled their boats with long oars, which required them to row further offshore in deeper water where the contrary current was stronger. Even though they rowed faster than the Indians could paddle, the swifter current in the middle of the channel slowed the pirates' boats too much for them to keep up with the canoes. Zach and I sailed home quickly and landed safely. It was amazing how anxious Zach could get when an imaginary pirate chase occurred and how quickly his worries left him when we pretended and sailed our way to a solution.

So we had fun on our cruise to Kokomo's and enjoyed our roles as entertainment scouts for the rest of the family. Since then we have sailed back to Kokomo's and its successor (operating under a new name) a few times. Either a winter nor'easter or the owner's fear of liability killed the pool as it was backfitted the year after our first visit. When my wife Frann and I sailed over in the Snark she couldn't stop singing "Kokomo," a song composed by Scott Tudor, a playwright friend of ours. I know there was also a song late in the Beach Boy's long list of hits with the same name. This was more likely than Scott's song to have been the inspiration for the owner's naming the restaurant, as the lyrics celebrate exotic beach resorts like Aruba and the Bahamas. Today, whenever I hear "Kokomo" on the oldies radio station I think of the day Zach and I beached the Snark for tea and ice cream on Mashnee Island.

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Brooklyn, New York, is a metropolitan area that everyone in America, and perhaps the world, seems to know something about. In the strange times that we live in today, trendy, star-crossed mothers even insist on naming their budding daughters after it. We must wonder how the later grown-up daughter will thank her thoughtless mother. The denizens of Brooklyn have forever been stereotyped as comical cab drivers characterized by the expression "Toity Toid Street and Toid Avenue." Today that endearing expression would have to be said with an accent from some language most of us never heard of. Who would have ever believed that Brooklyn, in all its sooty glory, would be considered one of the "in" places of America?

As a boy I little realized that I belonged to such a select group of peculiar people. I can now suppose that this was due to my father. Although he himself was a genuine, dyed-in-the-street Brooklynite, my father also had copious amounts of saltwater in his veins. I can see now that he was one of the original messabouts. He had served many years aboard the big ships of the Grace Line but his true pleasure was being in small boats.

I finally got to see more of him when he gave up his rambling sea duty and took a land job in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He still missed sea duty and would take us for rides to Manhattan on the West Side Highway where his face would light up and he would sigh and point out and identify the special qualities of the big ships that were in port that day.

Brooklyn used to be a major port until almost everything to do with shipping moved to lower Manhattan. Brooklyn, it turns out, was about as nautical as you can get although most of the citizenry remained singularly ignorant of that fact. Long ago the town fathers did everything in their power to hide the waterfront from view. I suppose the theory was that letting people dip their toes in the Gowanus Bay caused them to dream about things like boating, fishing, and swimming rather than keeping their minds on work. Factories, canals, municipal works, tank farms, unimproved brothels, paved roads, and seawalls were built right up to the water's edge, keeping most of the people from knowing that their nautical roots ran down into the salty depths of the Narrows.

But like a few others, my father knew. He also knew all about nearby marinas and launching ramps and fishing spots while my friends and I knew all about the grand beaches such as Coney Island, Riis Park, Jones Beach, and Far Rockaway, beaches that stretched out almost the entire length of Long Island, we knew little else.

So before the real time of truly available outboard motors my father would take his small family out rowboating. He loved being on the water and rowboating in those days was very economical. During the season Saturday mornings would see us packed up in the '39 Plymouth, heading out of Brooklyn for the far reaches of Hempstead Bay, part of Great South Bay on the southern shores of Long Island. We left usually in the pre-dawn light and the strangely quiet streets of Flatbush turned the Plymouth's tires into asphalt musical fare. The dewy air felt fresh and lively blowing through the open windows, a wonderful gift compared to the oppressive daytime city heat. The city had not yet raised itself from its slumbers and the normally dull, utilitarian architecture took on

## Blue Claw Ramble A Wee Bit of History

By J.J. Bohnaker

a new vibrancy with early light and shadowy edges painting over old ideas.

Some old ideas, however, sometimes need to be dug up and re-examined. The musical fare I alluded to hearing on Flatbush Avenue was, at one time, a more grim melody. It was near to that very spot in August of 1776 that American militia under General Washington were routed and mercilessly bayoneted to death by General de Heister's two regiments of Hessian mercenaries under the command of British Admiral Howe. Many revolutionary bones lie under the asphalt of Brooklyn streets.

The Americans were caught in a pincer movement between the Hessians and several battalions of British Regulars. The Americans put up a valiant defense on that grim day in August and were said to have lost about 3,000 men with 1,000 captured. As night fell the battle ceased and Washington brought over the last reinforcements available from New York, awaiting the enemies attack at dawn. However, he received intelligence that the British Fleet was readying on Staten Island to position itself on the East River, north of his position, meaning certain destruction for the 9,000 American troops.

He had to escape to New York before the fleet arrived. He anticipated a bloody retreat unless he could do so quickly and undetected. Thus he pulled off one of the most celebrated maneuvers of the war, paralleling the night reinforcement of Bunker Hill. Under the cover of darkness and some providential fog, he had all the troops silently moved over the three-quarter-mile East River crossing. In this daunting effort, which threatened to be exposed to British sentries at any minute, he was aided by Col. Grover's "Amphibious" Massachusetts Regiment of sailors and fishermen from Marblehead. Washington had commandeered every type of boat available for the crossing and Col. Grover's boys knew best how to use them. It was a miracle of stealth and planning that greatly enhanced Washington's fame. This story is breathtakingly told in Washington Irving's *Life of Washington*, Vol II.

Following this historical route, the history of which is mostly forgotten, we finally left the urban canyons behind when we rolled onto Sunrise Highway which indeed lived up to that wonderful name. At a place on Hempstead bay called Tipton's Boat Yard, the exact location of which I cannot recall, we parked in a crunchy, gravelly lot behind the main barn-like building. The parking lot was bordered by a tidal creek and it was exciting for me and my younger sister to see the banks with fiddler crabs scampering in and out of holes, colonies of mussels clinging to roots and other vegetation, and all kinds of gulls and dabblers and ducks dining out. The terrain in front of the building sloped down to the water's edge and was filled with small docks and every variety of boat.

It's been so long I'm really not sure about Tipton's name, it may have been Tillson's or Thompson's, maybe Peterson's, even Brockowitz's for that matter, but Tipton's sounds right, so I'll go with that. Tipton not only repaired and built boats, he also rented his seaworthy tow-boat rowboats,

as he called them, to the people coming out from the city.

My father had a gastronomic passion for that great delicacy of the bay, the mighty Blue Claw crab, and he made sure we all grew up with that same passion. The small shallow bays and inlets around Tipton's were filled with clear, unpolluted water and were just ideal hangouts for that crusty crab gang. So Tipton, in his own singular way, came up with a near perfect design for getting people and crabs together. He would tow several rowboats behind his old 28' Sea Skiff, one of those generic Long Island types, out to where the crabs were.

It was all well organized and thought through. The boats would be numbered, say one through five, the big numbers painted boldly in white on the bows. The boat topsides were painted cucumber skin green so the numbers really stood out. The boats would be tied off to each other with the numbers in descending order, starting from the stern of the Sea Skiff.

They were not all the same size but were generally 13' to 15' long, around 5' in beam, with slightly upswept sheers and rather wide transoms. I believe they had hard chines although I don't know if they were flat bottomed or V-bottomed. They were painted light gray on the inside and, as I already mentioned, were cucumber green outside. Tipton had obviously come across some surplus Forest Service cabin paint. They had bow and stern seats and one or two thwarts and were, as the saying goes, well used. Each boat came fully equipped with a pair of heavy oars, a small mushroom anchor, and a tin bailing can. There was not a life jacket in sight but there was a bow line for towing or tying off to eel grass. I suppose they were built of solid planking and weighed enough to make the prospect of long distance rowing an occasion for doing something else.

Tipton would have all the boats lined up at the dock, five on one side and up to five on the other which, of course, would be numbered six through ten. He would tow only five at a time. They were joined by towlines, the bow of one (the notched stems stood proud) connected to the stern of the other, through a transom ring. A grizzled, thin, little man named Old Jess, with skin burned dark by a life on the water, would help us into the boats while telling fantastic stories of the previous catches made. Whenever customers had questions about boat handling or wanted fishing tips, Tipton would tell them to "see old Jess. He knows more about that than I do. Been around here forever." Old Jess was a permanent landmark at Tipton's and was an endless source of information, most of which was fiction. With the help of a boathook he helped get the boats away from the dock without getting them crunched up.

Tipton himself was a broad-chested man and I always remember him in a faded blue work shirt with sleeves rolled up to his well-muscled upper arms and a greasy captain's hat, like the one that Bogart wore in the *African Queen*. He had set marker poles with large numbers at various good spots in his crab kingdom which he would move around as the season progressed. When the towed boat reached the area where the pole number matched the boat number, he would slow the sea skiff to a crawl and through a bullhorn would announce something like the following: "Number 3, cast off!" The last boat on

the tow line, which in this case would be Number 3, would cast the tow line off the stem.

I often had the pleasure of casting off, which meant reaching over the bow and pulling on the tow line to relieve whatever little tension remained, disengaging the heavy tow line loop from the notch in the stem, lifting it over the stem, and dropping it overboard. It looked easy but was fraught with all kinds of bad possibilities. When all went well Tipton would wave his happy approval and take off with the remaining boats for the other markers.

Sometimes it didn't go well and Tipton was not so happy. Greenhorns could screw up and crunch fingers or fall overboard or just dumbly fumble with the tow rope without releasing the tension and Tipton would have to unhook his tow and race back to the wayward boat to the rescue. It was frustrating for him since he had already explained and demonstrated the whole simple task before leaving.

I remember my father always tried to get boat #3 since the #3 area sometimes included a small sandy islet where my mother loved to sunbathe. He also swore it had the biggest Blue Claws of all the areas. Unfortunately #3 was not always available since earlier risers were often after the same thing. Once we had cast off and hauled in our own heavy traps' towline, we put the oars out and rowed to wherever we liked. Even though there was probably no more than a mile between poles, it was like we had the whole shallow bay to ourselves. No one was in sight, the deserted shore off by a mile or so, and we felt that particular magic that accompanies solitude and isolation from the crowds. People sharing the boat with you suddenly become the whole world and may mean more to you at that moment than at any other time. Of course, if you're with the wrong people, well...

The areas were filled with tiny islands, some of them floating islands of various types of sea grass. One could get out and walk on the spongy surface, but some of the grass blades were sharp and could give a nasty cut which immediately became a salt-filled wound. We usually rowed around looking for a perfect spot for catching those armored wonders, investigating this or that. If the wind wasn't up very often we would see big fish moving slowly across the bottom through the undulating seaweed, but they spooked quickly if we tried to catch them.

My mother preferred to disembark on the sand spit mentioned earlier to sunbathe and read in the shade of a brightly colored beach umbrella. It also served as our guide to come back and find her. There were times when the sand spit just seemed to have disappeared because of storms or tidal washes and she would have to content herself with reading in the boat while watching our unaccountable activities.

Much to the disgust of old Jess, my father wouldn't use traps, but made up hand lines for all of us. Old Jess said that only damn fools used hand lines, one could catch twice as many crabs with traps. My father said traps took the pleasure out of crabbing and to never mind what the old fool waterman said. Each line would hold a 6" or so diameter ring made out of hanger wire. Thereon hung the baitfish, threaded through the mouth and gills. These luckless fish were a type of salt water minnow three to four

inches long, known locally as "killies." A ring would hold five to ten fish and we would simply lower it over the side hoping to get close to the bottom, the water usually being less than 10' deep. Then we would wait for some strange creature to gobble the fish, and gobble they did.

As anyone who has done it will tell you, catching any kind of crab on a hand line is one of the world's great pleasures. When thinking one had a bite, which one made certain of by lifting the line a bit hoping to feel the weight if not the tug of a large Blue Claw, one carefully pulled the line in, hand over hand, while searching the dark waters below for a flash of white or blue. Sometimes the crab might not be felt as a big claw silently clutched a killie or two and one was surprised when seeing him all of a sudden and yelled, "I've got one!" In that case, the crab, of course, understands what was said and slid quickly back to the bottom.

If you don't yell or make any sudden movements the crab will hang onto his meal tenaciously until the moment he almost surfaces. Stealth is the key and having the net in the water ready nearby is just as important. You wait until the crab realizes the jig is up and swoop the net under it as he tries to make an escape.

My sister and I learned many things from these crabbing adventures, including much about patience and the virtues of being calm and quiet, qualities which children sometimes lack. Not that there was a dull moment, the excitement for us was electrifying as the lines wouldn't be down for a moment before some creature took an interest in the killies. At first, when I sighted a surfacing crab I wanted to yank it right out of the water and into the boat which, of course, often yielded nothing more than a ring of disemboweled killies in my mother's lap. Very often my sister would scream with frightened glee at the sight of a surfacing crab which, of course, the crab thanked her for as he headed to the bottom. But gradually we learned the required patience and calmness, mostly because the rewards were obvious. It seems that you can learn some of life's important lessons from the most simple tasks, especially when they're fun. Around noon our crew would usually have a bushel basket or two full of angry Blue Claws. It was time for a hearty picnic lunch of cold fried chicken and potato salad.

It was the boats, of course, that made all this possible. Although heavy by any standard, I enjoyed rowing them around the miniature bays formed by the islands of sea grass. And after we finished lunch we would keep the crabs happy with a blanket of wet bay cabbage and seaweed and row out a short distance away from the islands to search for flounder and eel. We used the same hand lines, now baited with hooks and bloodworms. Sometimes the flounder were scarce but we had fun catching everything else. Spider crabs (scary!), squid, weird-looking skates, dogfish, a low-class shark, an unlucky member of that species generally despised by fishermen that my father would kill before throwing back, scaring us all. That is until the time my mother first saw him do it and, with a hysterical scream, threatened to divorce him if he ever did it again. After that the sharks were fed an extra killie or two before being returned to the water happily alive.

Then there were those ubiquitous comical gentlemen of the deep, always bloated

with pride, the blowfish. After releasing them they would float off like funny balloons, their bug eyes and fake spines making them quaintly scary and very unattractive to any gulls hovering nearby. Sometimes we caught weird things we couldn't identify.

Catching eels was very scary. Once I yanked a fighting mad eel into the boat, and while trying to subdue him I knocked over the basket of crabs positioned between the thwarts. The angry creatures had no sympathy for us and soon had the upper claw and took over the boat. They threatened us with their aggressive stance, claws wide open and pointed right at us and, barefoot, the three of us jumped up on the thwarts. Luckily my mother was sunning on the sand. Soon enough the boat threatened to capsize and we all jumped screaming and yelling into the water. Luckily we were all good swimmers and were not too far from an island where we towed the boat. It was delicate work getting those infuriated crabs back in the basket while trying to get the sharp-toothed twisting eel out of it. A few happy crabs made good their escape.

Around 5:00 we would row back to the marker pole and await Tipton's return. We were tired and sunburned and very content and relaxed during the tow back to port. Sometimes I would reflect and feel sorry for the unfortunate creatures whose watery lives we had so rudely interrupted, now riding with us to their ultimate destination. It was short-lived, however, as visions of sucking on succulent crab legs usually intervened.

The weather was usually good for these outings except for an occasional thunderstorm or two. Tipton only cancelled a few times because of storm predictions. The boats were seaworthy and mostly tight, even when the waves kicked up. My dad would take over rowing in rough weather which he just seemed to enjoy. We seldom had to use the bailing cans.

These halcyon days ended after my father talked with a friend who had just bought an outboard motor. Suddenly our house became transformed into Toad Hall, with my father acting very much like that portly little green gentleman, running around beep-beeping for outboards! Outboards! And then we learned that every other member of our tow-boat rowboat fraternity had taken to this beep-beeping. It was bee-beep Evinrude, beep-beep Water Witch, beep-beep Neptune, beep-beep Wizard, Johnson, Champion, Sea King, and so forth, until my mother told him to buy a damn outboard and be done with it.

Everything changed. Tipton wisely saw the signs and converted his tow boat rowboats into instant outboard skiffs by painting them white. They looked much faster like that. Being towed out was no longer an option. Once the people learned how to start the reluctant outboards, they headed out gleefully for unknown waters, no longer dependent on the familiar marker poles, zipping around and getting to places much quicker.

Our experience started with a Water Witch, which immediately put a hex on us. Or rather, I should say on my father. The first time out this handy little motor started after 30 or 40 pulls, everyone waiting with high anxiety until the beast sputtered to life, and we zipped here and we zipped there and my mother remarked on how refreshing the breeze was. But then, since it was so easy to try new locations, we caught almost nothing. My father beep-beeped all day about the pleasures of outboarding, ignoring the 30 or 40 pulls he had to start with.



The second time out, after the 30 or 40 pulls to get started, the devious motor sputtered into a strange silence when we were a half mile or so offshore. But my father was undeterred and he pulled and he pulled and he swore and he sweat and after an hour or so of this Herculean effort, the motor sprang to life, raring to go and jumped right off the transom, disappearing into a couple of fathoms of seaweed.

The next motor was a Champion. This motor started easily unless you were a mile or so offshore, in which case it always

stopped and in no way would it start again. Tipton had taken the now disdained oars out of the boats ("folks claim they take up too much room," he said) until he had to spend all his time rescuing his boats. He put the oars back in the boats and told us he wasn't going to come looking for us anymore.

It was a trying transition period but once the people had suffered through the early phases there was no turning back. They beep-beeped for more and bigger motors. Boats changed to accommodate the motors. Everything got bigger and faster. Catching

Blue Claws seemed too docile a sport for the new and faster boats and they were mostly left to the commercial fishermen. Cucumber green rowboats were forgotten and for a long time ordinary gunwale rowing was dead. Luckily today there is a renaissance of sorts. But I remember those early days of Tipton's tow-boat rowboats as an era when we all were busily messing about in boats although we really didn't know it. It was, as they say, just the way things were.

So there I was, looking up at the rail of an undulating ship from the womb of a somewhat flaccid rubber boat's rubber bottom as the thankfully blunt end of a two-stroke, hand start, F-N-R equipped, 1971 vintage Evinrude Fastwin 5hp outboard motor dropped unceremoniously onto my waiting arms, chest, thighs, and demounted hard hat. Some things are better done only once.

I got the motor on, started, and revved while Doc joined me. Back on the hulk our petty officer in charge of the riding crew had prudently, and properly, stationed his people behind suitable protection as *Quapaw's* bull rope was winched aboard. Remember those 55gal drums I was telling you about? Well, of course, they fouled on the grounded ship's counter. And, of course, the capstan on the ship, way out there at anchor, continued to apply tons of pull to this humongous clothesline trolley. Before anybody could call *Quapaw* and tell her to "avast heaving around;" hey, we used to at least SOUND like sailors. OK, OK, you have a point. The message probably more closely resembled the anguished cry of a Giant Scissor Bird in rut. Or pick your own analogy. One of the junior guys grabbed a pry bar and ran over to release the first of the jammed 55gal drums and 3" steel bull rope they were keeping afloat.

The bad news first. The fool managed to complete his self-assigned mission. Somehow he pried the drum free. That drum and several of its followers came flying over the side of the ship taking him with them. I don't remember just how far he flew before smacking up against a bulkhead. But when Doc and I got aboard there was blood and lunch all over the place. And, God only knows why, that kid was still breathing and babbling. While Doc was stabilizing him the clinic at the Amphibious Base up the highway dispatched an ambulance to pick up our (actually, as it turned out, he was from *Quapaw's* crew) unfortunate shipmate and transport him to the hospital.

They finally made it across the sand to where we were in fairly short order. Granted they seemed to get lost and go in the wrong direction for a time and then homed in on the flare our riding crew shot off. These days, I suppose most military ambulances are four-wheel drive affairs. This was still the '70s and that ambulance was the same rig commonly used for a hearse (no, the irony isn't lost on me either), a big ol' Cadillac station wagon. Once that meat wagon crew started for home I'll wager they got stuck about every 30' trying to find their way across the soft sand beach. We all stood up on the 02 level of that old ship and watched this sorry spectacle, fearing the worst. Totally helpless. The good news? We didn't know it for a day or so but that kid survived.

## Another Bad Day at Black Rock (Part 2)

By Dan Rogers

Back on *Moctobi* the powers that be had decided to terminate the rest of the pulling part of the exercise and disconnected the D-9. Without the anchoring effect of the Cat that old hulk just slid off the beach pretty as you please. Time for the next event.

This is the part where we were supposed to prove we could come alongside a burning ship and put OUR fire party aboard THEIR ship and put THEIR fire out. Now you might think it's a bit silly to get off of a perfectly good, non-burning ship and crawl around in an inferno of somebody else's making. And far be it from me to suggest anything to the contrary. But that was the order of battle. Here's where you have to pay closer attention to the fashion details than maybe you have been so far.

There has never, ever, been a Navy shipboard training exercise that wasn't somehow supervised, observed, or judged by somebody from some headquarters, someplace. And one of the facts of life is that people assigned to these headquarters jobs THINK they are smarter than the poor peons they are judging. Ask anybody who's spent even a few hours in the chow line and he'll tell you. Our inspectors for this evolution came from the Big Salvage Command in the Sky. These guys were something else. They wore matching jump suits with gold lettering under their individual nomenclatures and horsepower ratings that proclaimed, "If You Ain't Salvage, You Ain't S---!" I'm not making this up.

Our previously beached hulk had been filled from former main space bilge up past where the soft plug had lain with discarded pallets, timbers, and such all soaked in fuel oil and topped off with gasoline. I can see you're getting a glimmer of what's coming next.

My job was to hang around next to where the fire party was supposed to step from ship to ship and pick up anybody who might fall into the water. Yeah, I was back in the rubber duck. Fashion tip, I was attired in a short-sleeved denim shirt and contrasting denim trousers, Mae West, and plastic hat. Not exactly what some would consider "protective gear." The Head Really Smart Guy (HRSG) was aboard the hulk, ready to observe the professionalism of our stalwarts once things started to heat up. And, of course, he was there to get the fire started. Fashion tip, he was wearing that natty little short-sleeved cotton number

with the catchy phrase emblazoned on the port side, forward.

The fire party started to debark/embark on command. The HRSG walked into the engineless former main space with a BURNING SWAB. Yeah, you guessed it. Kaaaabbbboooooommmmmmm! From my perspective, astern of the two lashed together ships, the explosive report was way upstaged by the mushroom cloud, followed by the falling embers, chunks of wood, and assorted shrapnel landing on and around me in my rubber tub. From the perspective of the scene leader this wasn't quite in the script. So he backed his troops out and got them safely back aboard *Moctobi*. Nobody seemed to know much about the HRSG until he came crawling out of the inferno. I do believe he was still brandishing the blackened remains of a swab. But, I could be confused about that detail.

Our skipper had the deck guys cast off the hulk and hauled tail (relatively speaking, as our top speed was around 15 knots with a tail wind) for Point Loma and (another) ambulance. Remember, I was still out bobbing around in this decrepit rubber boat and a blazing 5 horse kicker. I wasn't about to get 15 knots, even with a tail wind. In his haste, the Skip kinda forgot about me. I think the radio message from the ship was something like, "Hey, go find the *Quapaw*, maybe they'll pick you up." I did find a place to haul out, and hang out until *Moctobi* came back out to deal with the hulk. As I remember all the Really Smart Guys from the Big Salvage Command in the Sky said we passed and headed off in time to beat the traffic.

The best part. Someplace I still have a picture of that HRSG in a hospital bed, sheepishly displaying a gift from our chiefs' mess, a mounted flame safety lamp and explosimeter, bearing the inscription, "If you Ain't Salvage, You Ain't S---!"



### COMPASS ROSE REVIEW

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This past June Vic and I took a three-day cruise up Cayuga Lake from Ithaca, where we live, through the Cayuga-Seneca Canal, down Seneca Lake to Sampson State Park, and back. To our delight we discovered that this year the New York Canal system is free and that the summer hours for passage extend until 10:00 in the evening. This wasn't our first mini-voyage on New York's historical canals and it won't be our last.

Our "camper on the water," *Mudlark*, is a micro-trawler designed by Phil Bolger (#584) and built by Han Van Pelt in Balderson, Ontario. Han added 2' to the original design, stretching the craft from 14½' to 16'5" to include a stand-up galley complete with stove and cabinets on one side and a double sink with dish rack on the other. The two side bunks, which serve as benches for a moveable dining table, convert to a double bunk as desired. When we bought the *Mudlark* in 1999 it was equipped with a Yamaha 9.9hp four-cycle engine which was perfect for the canals where the minimum speed is generally 10mph. After a few years, however, we wanted to increase our normal cruising range on several multi-hour lake trips so we installed a 60hp Yamaha high thrust four-cycle. The new engine moves the 2,000lb-plus *Mudlark* along comfortably at about 17mph with a top speed of about 20mph.

For the canals, however, almost any kind of boat will do. We passed everything from a trimaran that had just crossed the Atlantic Ocean to canoes and rowboats (tents can be pitched at the locks), to huge cruisers, little motor boats, and all sorts of homemade craft, including one mini-yacht just long enough to sleep in sailed by a retired fellow who spends eight months every year doing the Atlantic Inland Waterway, Florida Coast, Mississippi River, and New York Canal circle.

June is a lovely month to travel the canals because the phlox are dancing in their pinks and purples, the wild white roses are out, and the catalpa trees are just shooting up their powerful blooms. The Canada geese have, for the most part, flown on to Ontario and Nova Scotia but a few scattered flocks that settled along the canals to nest come out in early morning to splash and bathe. The swallows are swooping everywhere, catching the new crop of insects and they seem to be doing an admirable job. Early to mid-June is relatively mosquito-free on the water. We were able to keep the doors open until dark.

Cayuga Lake is an attractive cruise with its cliffs and forests and is of small enough scale to provide the opportunity to see both sides of the lake from almost any point. At the north end of the lake is a lock (CS1) into the wider canal system located at the gateway to Montezuma Wildlife Refuge. Just a few miles

## Messing About in the New York Canals

By Nancy Lee Kochman

past the lock one can go either west to Rochester and Buffalo on Lake Erie or take the Canal going east to Albany and ultimately the Hudson or, by taking a left hand turn two-thirds of the way to Syracuse (just before Lake Onondaga), to Oswego on Lake Ontario. This trip we went part way up the canal through the Montezuma Refuge in the direction of Syracuse and spent the night in a quiet little cove about five miles upstream. There are a good many such places all along the way that are perfect for overnighting.

In the morning we headed south again, stopping at the new dock of the Montezuma Refuge to take a short hike on the Cedar Trail and to climb the lookout over the marshy area that serves as a resting stop for birds on the Eastern migratory path. Often the marsh area is a large, 1,300-acre shallow pond but this week it was drained and instead of geese and ducks there were plovers and smaller birds.

The Cedar Trail was partly closed for osprey nesting which begins in April and lasts until mid-July when the youngsters fledge. On the shore across from the dock we saw two turkey vultures and a swarm of red-winged blackbirds. The interpretive center at the Refuge, about a 15-minute walk from the dock, describes both in text and pictures the extent of the wetlands prior to the arrival of settlers and canal builders. Equally fascinating, and heartening is the work being done in the last half-century to rebuild the marshes for the sake of migrating waterfowl and local wildlife.

Back through the locks and into the Cayuga-Seneca Canal, built in and along the old Seneca River, the *Mudlark* headed west through Seneca Falls and Waterloo. The lock (CS2&3) at Seneca Falls is a double one with a total rise (or drop, depending on which way one is coming or going) of 49'. On the west side of it is Van Clef Lake, really not more than a widening of the river and then the historical if economically struggling town of Seneca Falls. The riverbank behind the main street of shops on Fall Street is a new extended dock for boats and an easy place to tie up. There are several cafes for a quick breakfast or lunch, although no place to buy ice or beer that we could find.

Seneca Falls, birthplace of the women's rights movement, is filled with historical sights. The National Women's Hall of Fame celebrates women who have made important

contributions to science, civic life, education, and athletics. The biographies that accompany the photos of the honored women are fascinating. The Women's Rights National Historical Park consists of the intentionally only-partially reconstructed church where the early women's rights activists and abolitionists met. It is architecturally gorgeous and spiritually moving. It's worth reading the declaration printed on the encircling wall as a reminder of the self-determination needed to realize a true democracy. There is also an indoor museum describing the progress toward equal rights that is filled with excellent displays and interactive opportunities for children and adults alike.

Because we'd already just stretched our legs at Montezuma we decided to do the museums on our way back. The river canal between Seneca Falls and Waterloo is attractive and gentle and before we knew it (an hour and a half later) we emerged through the mass of marinas at the west mouth of the river into Seneca Lake. Hot and needing a break, we motored over to Geneva's lakeside park at the north end of the lake and dropped the anchor. Hopping off the *Mudlark* into waist deep water we joined a number of other boaters for a quick and cooling dip.

There is only one gas pump between the northern marinas and Watkins Glen at the south end of the lake and so, to be safe, we followed the west shore to Roy's Marine. We were so engrossed in the huge mansions and well-kept inns on the high shore we failed to watch for markers and almost ran aground on a sand bar near Roy's. Fortunately the *Mudlark* with her flat bottom floats in very little water (10" is the official draft) but we had to hurriedly raise the motor.

After following the channel into Roy's, where we refueled, we motored down the lake and around a barge that looked something akin to an oil-drilling rig but which is apparently part of the Naval Underwater Systems Center on the west shore. We turned north to make our way along the edge of Sampson State Park to the marina where we spent the night in a well-appointed harbor next to numerous "seasonal occupants" who summer at Seneca Lake. Sampson has plenty of moorings at a reasonable fee (\$15-\$25).

The park was formerly a Naval Training Ground during WWII (which no doubt explains the nice docking facilities) and then was transferred to the Air Force during the Korean War. We swam briefly at the beach, passed up shopping at the concession, and then spent the evening sipping a Finger Lakes Riesling and watching the swallows. The next morning, as I emerged from the cabin with coffee cup in hand, I was greeted by a large blue heron sitting on a nearby wall.





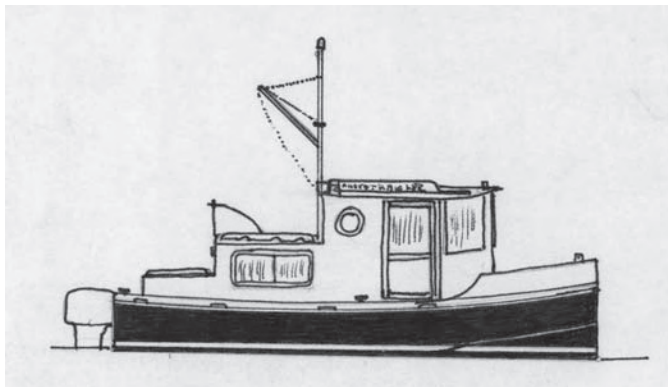
The trip home was uneventful but relaxed. Rivers and canals look different when traveled in the opposite direction. It was Monday and we'd forgotten that the museums were closed that day in Seneca Falls so we took a stroll on the sculpture path along the south bank of the canal instead. The weather was hot and the sky cloudless and we remarked on how different it was from our canal trip last October when we went up to Syracuse and Lake Onondaga. That, too, was a beautiful trip with lots of herons and snow geese but we'd had to fire up the alcohol heater because of the cold and had battled rain and sleety winds on our way


home down Cayuga Lake. This year the water was barely rippled and we were so warm we stopped twice to swim around the boat a couple of times.

Our only other June canal trip was two years ago when we rented a 40' canal boat with my uncle and aunt and their new Australian shepherd puppy. Complete with shower and head, a well-stocked galley, sitting area, and beds for six the canal boat felt like a floating hotel minus maid service. That trip took us past Rochester, along the old Erie Canal, and through a number of old canal towns like Lyons, Fairport, and Pittsford with good docking facilities and yummy restau-

rants. Last year Vic and I did a good portion of that section again on the *Mudlark* (that was when we decided it most resembled a camper). On that trip were able to explore more coves, inlets, and river mouths given the smaller size and shallow draft of the *Mudlark* and anchored in them at night rather than docking in towns.

No, the "I Love New York Canals Association" (if there is one) did not pay me to write this. We just want to share with the readers of *Messing About in Boats* the enjoyment and relaxation of the canal system in New York and the beauty of the Finger Lakes region in particular.





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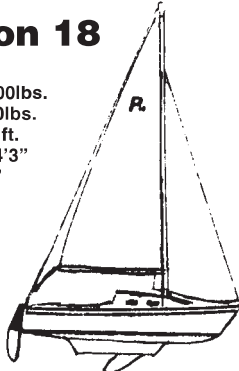
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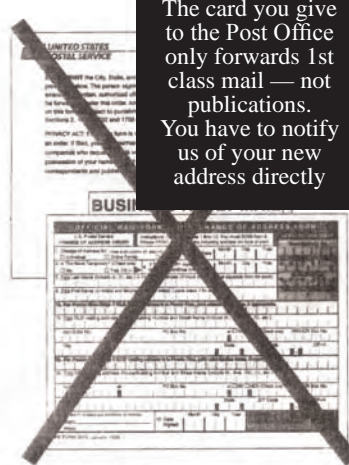
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After the ferrocement fiasco one might have assumed that my boat-a-holism had been cured. Far from it! However, problems arose in my main occupation. My office (I am a physician) was twice broken into and ransacked for drugs. None were found as I did not have any on the premises. Then, after a refusal for a prescription for controlled substances (drugs), a Molotov cocktail flew through the office window in the middle of the night. I'd had it. I closed the office and accepted a teaching position at the medical college of the Midwest University in Chicago. That should cure my boat addiction. Well, it did not.

There was this fellow, Capt. Jim Orrell, the Texas Dory man in Galveston, Texas. Naval Architect Phil Bolger had designed a number of dory skiffs for him. I bought some plans and along with the plans came a sheet with the design for a rowing dory, the Gloucester Gull, which struck my fancy. Although the plan for this dory was greatly reduced in size, the dimensions were given, and so... well you've guessed it. A building jig was set up in the basement. Then it was brought up into the garage, where the construction of the Gloucester Gull was completed.



Gloucester Gull under construction.



Gloucester Gull afloat on Lake Michigan.

When we cartopped the finished dory to a nearby lake we got admiring remarks about this "beautiful canoe!" We had similar land-lubberly remarks about our sprit-rigged Swampscott dory when we sailed her on Lake Michigan.

After seven years of my teaching we finally returned to Cliff Island, Maine. There, every year at the July Fourth "ACE Olympics" the youngsters had boat races from the shore around a buoy and back in just about anything that would float. Guess who always won? Those in our Gloucester Gull, of course. So in order to give everyone the same advantage Martha and I built three of Bolger's "Payson Pirogues" for the kids. Now their skills determined the winner.

## Life on an Offshore Maine Island

### A Proven Method For Becoming a Boataholic – Building Stitch and Glue Skiffs



Youthful crew launching a Payson pirogue for the Ace Olympics on Cliff Island.

At that time I was recovering from bypass surgery which prohibited me from working full-time in my profession so we decided to stay on the Island and build punts and skiffs to Phil Bolger designs, the prototypes of which had been developed in cooperation between Phil Bolger and Harold "Dynamite" Payson.

Over the following years we built some 20-plus Bolger and Payson designs and displayed many of them at the annual Maine Boat Show in Portland. By the time the photo with our "Cliff Island Skiffs" logo was taken the show had become more "glitzy" with lots of fancy fiberglass boats. Compared to our gains the cost for the rented space went through the roof. So 1986 was our last year of attendance.



Our Cliff Island Skiffs logo.

I believe the Tortoise was the most popular and versatile punt. Bolger first called her the Ugly Duckling but then he decided she deserved a better name so she became the Tortoise, and rightly so. This punt is inexpensive and easy to build, steady enough to stand up in, and because her looks do not invite people with sticky fingers, we found that she was a reasonable replacement for stolen dinghies. In addition, she could be

launched from a wharf at low tide without shipping a drop of water. She could serve as a cover (roof?) over a companionway and is rigged with a Tyvar® lateen sail which, of course, does not win her the Monhegan Race. But one day last year, 2006, returning from Cliff Island by ferry, we saw a Tortoise, built in 1995, on a haul-off near Great Diamond Island. Not bad for a \$250 purchase. Dynamite's wife Amy also still has hers.



A Tortoise displaying topsides dollyed up by Martha for a Cliff Island neighbor.



Tortoise with Tyvar® sail.

We then built several Elegant Punts for islanders in Casco Bay as well as one for the (then) small girls of a friend. I remember having some difficulty with the chines, the compound twists, but it was not overwhelming.



Elegant Punt under construction.



Light weight demo of Elegant Punt at Maine Boatbuilders' Show.





Elegant Punt under oars.

The "Auray Punts" were also quite popular, one still lives in Nova Scotia, the other one is rowed on the Ensenada Honda in Culebra, Puerto Rico. We also built a stretched version for our own use, propelled with a 2hp Honda outboard. Phil approved of this change. On second thought, however, I now feel that the original rowing model would have been the better choice. No registration, noise, now or low pollution.



Auray Punt under construction. We made up all panels for this one and shipped them to Culebra where we assembled the boat.



The Auray Punt ready for launching in Culebra.



Our own stretched Auray Punt, nice but we did not use her much.

Another design was the Seahawk, a 16' outboard skiff. We built one for ourselves, which the Cliff Island fishermen admired, and another one for our physician in trade for a year's worth of office calls for my wife Martha. Next on the agenda were two of

Dynamite's Maine and Monhegan fisherman's skiffs which found quite some good response at the Maine Boat Builders Show.



Seahawk under construction.



Seahawk in early 1998

One of the Monhegan Skiffs became Martha's Fat Martha rowing skiff, quite a misnomer for a lady weighing less than 130 pounds (but that's another story). Another skiff was so badly neglected that building a new one would have been cheaper than our effort to repair her (and then the owner hag-gled for the price).



Martha's Monhegan Skiff prior to being finished.

The terribly neglected Fisherman's Skiff we repaired in 1995. The owner complained about our bill (it would have been cheaper to build new!) and did not pay it.



Another project was the Gypsy, a rowing and sailing skiff. The owner was not happy with the interior layout, he found it too crowded by the location of the rowing thwart which was also the support of the dagger board case. We made a change by moving the case more off center to starboard, making the rowing thwart removable, and extending the port and starboard seats forward, the curvature of the seats strengthening the sides of the hull. We suspected that Phil would probably have cringed. Naval architects don't like amateurs to mess with their designs (for obvious reasons).



Gypsy with redesigned interior.



Gypsy under sail off our waterfront.

The Windsprint was for our own use. On a blustering day a friend of ours capsized the Windsprint and we all wound up floating in the water. When we wrote Phil about it he opined that this was nothing to worry about. He said he'd been in the drink that way many times in his younger years.



Windsprint under construction.

Windsprint fully rigged.





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The Bobcat was our favorite catboat. She was a more demanding design. Roomy and fun to sail, I still regret that we eventually sold her to a new owner in Knoxville, Tennessee, she went south, so to speak. The sale was mostly brought about by my growing difficulty moving around in boats (mostly getting into and out of them) without half drowning myself. The remaining boats eventually found good homes.



Bobcat framed up.



Bobcat ready to launch.



Bobcat "under sail."

Over the years my admiration and respect for Phil Bolger has grown. No matter how often I read any of his writings, I still discover gems which I had overlooked before. He is a genius who, together with Dynamite, has given a great number of "messers" the means to get out on the water and enjoy themselves. As for Dynamite, he has become a good friend. His knowledge, writing style, and humor are in a class by itself. May they both have many more happy and productive years!



Anyone who has ever built boats always remembers the first one. My first one wasn't a solo job but was a product of a partnership. We didn't have any qualifications for the job but that usually doesn't stop anyone who has plenty of time.

We had a great place to work. My maternal grandparents purchased, in 1929, a lot on Moody Beach. Moody Beach is a magnificent, mile-long piece of soft, sandy beach in southern Maine. Across the road from the house that was named *The Elmer-Ann* (my grandfather was Elmer, my grandmother Anna) was a salt marsh that we called The Creek. So there were two handy places for boat launching or swimming and we took advantage of both in both places.

One of my aunts told me that *Playboy* magazine listed Moody Beach as one of the ten best beaches in the world. When I was young I wasn't quite as smarmy as I am now so I didn't question her research or ask if she personally examined the primary sources. I didn't check out her supporting documents either. But whatever any magazine says, Moody Beach is blessed by soft sand and constant pounding surf. The rocks that typically mark the Maine coast are nowhere to be found. The place is sublime.

*The Elmer-Ann* was essentially a camp. Grampa was a carpenter and he built the house during the Depression out of leftover materials. The place was originally a one-and-a-half story house built on long cedar posts. My Grandfather figured that the ocean would periodically meet the creek across the road during storms so he put the structure on stilts. After a while he noticed the ocean generally stayed put so he closed in the open area under the house and put in a concrete floor. That was our workspace. We had lots of room.

My accomplice was my cousin Billy. Billy's dad was a carpenter, too, so he had the edge over me in woodworking experience even though he is younger than I am. Billy was always as gung-ho as I was about building things so we spent hours making things in that cellar while everyone else enjoyed the beach. I don't remember being supervised either. Since there wasn't a thing in the house that was worth more than two cents, we were allowed to use anything in the storeroom that we wanted for our projects. It was the ideal set-up.

The storeroom was equipped with a full complement of reject tools and valueless materials. The tool we used the most was one of those expensive Estwing leather-gripped hammers. The tool looked like it had been left outside for a decade and one of the claws was broken off. The saws were in slightly better shape, probably because my grandfather was one of those rare carpenters who actually enjoyed sharpening his saws. The storeroom smelled strongly of oakum, that smelly rope that is used in boat building and in joining sewer pipes. Grampa used it for sewer pipes.

We started out by building toy boats, ones that we could make out of a single board and tow around in the tidal puddles with a string. The most challenging part was "cutting the points," or the bows. Our inexpert use of the handsaw resulted in many asymmetrical boats. We learned that we could con Grandpa into making the difficult cut for us if he was around. In fact, the last thing Grandpa did at his beloved camp was "saw the points" for us. I begged him for help before my uncle

## Opus One

By David Hagberg

drove him home for the last time. I didn't know he was in agonizing pain from the bone cancer that would soon kill him.

We got better at building toy boats as time went on. Our success at making toy boats as well as Grandpa could do it led us to believe we were ready for the real thing. We were going to build a boat that we could both float around in past the breakers and maybe use for fishing in the creek. Grandpa's old long bamboo poles were hanging overhead on a beam, ready for us to use for reeling in the mackerel. We talked about floating in the creek, basking in the sunshine, and exploring the tidal inlets.

Our starting point was, we thought, a stroke of luck. In the storeroom was the top of an old round oak table. We dragged out this intriguing object and brainstormed the possibilities. It was decided that the tabletop, placed upside down, would provide the keel, hull, bilge, and framework for our first boat. Since I was about 11 years old and Billy was nine, our brains were wired to accept the reasonableness of this design.

Getting started was more difficult than we anticipated. First of all, the tabletop was solid, quarter-sawn white oak and it was really difficult to drive nails into with old one-claw. There was a keg of roofing nails in the storeroom, really long ones that are used when a roofer decides to go with three layers of asphalt. There was a keg of rusty cut nails, along with a can full of 16 and 20 penny spikes, used and bent. We had plenty of time to unbend the nails on the concrete floor. We were completely absorbed in our endeavor.

We picked out several short pieces of tongue and groove spruce and rough 2"x4"s and nailed on the sides. For some reason there was an old car tire inner tube in the storeroom so we installed that for positive floatation. I think we nailed some boards together to form a cage for it. We took out the oakum and jammed it into the biggest cracks with an old, abused, clear yellow handle Stanley chisel. The rusty caulking gun came down from the wall, the one with a black roofing cement cartridge in it, and Billy gave the smaller cracks a once-over. After hours of work we stood back and examined our handiwork with critical eyes.

We agreed that our boat did not meet expectations for finish or beauty of line. However, rather than spend more time on cosmetic improvements we decided to launch, evaluate, and refine. Since the heckling of bystanders was anticipated, we carried the boat out into the sunshine and went around the north side of the house and headed for the ocean. The path that everyone used to go to the beach was on the south side of the house so we didn't meet anybody. The only snag we hit was the width of the path. The house next door was quite close to ours.

We brought our boat to the water's edge. It was high tide so we didn't have far to go. We decided not to launch directly in front of the house because there was, of course, a slight chance of failure. The laughing of observers was a concern. We were, however, confident that our boat would be ergonomically acceptable, even though the cosmetics were slightly questionable.

We waited for a break in the surf. The ocean was quiet for a moment and we slipped

the craft into the frothy water's edge. So far, so good! It appeared that our caulking job was adequate so we both climbed aboard. A feeling of delight filled us as the receding water drew us from shore. How nice! We had forgotten to make oars or any other form of propulsion so we were pleased that our launch was so quick and easy. Since the boat was round, it spun in a lazy circle. Life couldn't be any better than this!

What we didn't anticipate was that the ocean was drawing us out in order to produce another big wave. We were sitting there, smiling at all the incredulous beachcombers, when the wave hit. The full force of the freezing cold North Atlantic came thundering down, capsizing our boat, and dumping us into the water. I can remember the feeling of astonishment and indignation as the nail-laden lumber made bodily contact. Billy and I were swirling around in the cold salt water, our hopes dashed. We eventually gained our footing and examined the fragments of the oak table and odd boards. It slowly dawned on us that our project had utterly failed beyond our wildest imagining.

We were glad about one thing. We had launched out of the visual range of anyone related to us. It wasn't so much that we dreaded ridicule. What we dreaded, above all else, was cleaning up after ourselves. It amazes me as I think about it, that no bystander came up and demanded that we clear the vicinity of floating wood that was full of nails. People were all over the place, swimming, surfing, and running along the water's edge. Maybe all the beachgoers were so full of sympathy for the two forlorn failed boat builders that they felt they could cut us a break. That must have been it.

We didn't run back to our parents and inform them of the environmental catastrophe we had created. We never cleaned up our mess. We certainly had enough time to do that but we didn't. The ocean just seemed to swallow and digest our little boat. I still feel a little guilty about it and I think about our first boat all the time, every time I sit down at a round oak table.

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### The International Scene

Several problem-stricken US refineries have been chartering 10-11 VLCCs to store crude oil. The cost per tanker has been about \$50,000 to \$60,000 per day as compared with about \$60,000 per day for chartering equivalent tankers on the go.

Largely in self-defense, major oil companies are getting increasingly fussy about the tankers they charter. Most now want tankers to carry high-end data recorders to boost safety and track accidents and incidents.

China will build more than 90 super-tankers to help control its importing of crude oil. It already owns about 25 big tankers.

Japan donated the new dredger *Alcantra Santos* to Mozambique so that nation can improve the access channel to the port of Beira. A two-dredger local company has a dredge about to be retired after 45 years of work (a normal life is 15-20 years) and its second dredge sank.

### Thin Place and Hard Knocks

Collisions sank ships. Near the mouth of Saigon River the gas carrier *Gas Shanghai* sank the cargo ship *Hoang Dat 36*. Eight died or went missing.

Off Dalian the Chinese container ship *Jinsheng* sank the Korean ship *Golden Rose* and 16 died.

Ships went ashore. Notable among them was the *Pasha Bulker*. It was one of 53 bulkers waiting for coal at Newcastle, NSW (the world's busiest coal port), when port authorities asked ships to leave because of an oncoming very bad storm. Some vessels stayed and some of these tried to get out while the storm was at its wildest. Among them was the *Pasha Bulker*. It went ashore and authorities became concerned that its 700 tons of bunkers might spill.

Ships sank: In the East China Sea an unnamed ship sank and a seaman was trapped inside for nearly 20 hours before divers helped him out.

Some 400 miles from Bermuda the 34' Ukrainian sailing ship *Amerauto* sank and its crew of four were picked up by the carrier *USS Dwight D. Eisenhower*, on its way home from an eight-month deployment.

A day after Cyclone Gonu had passed the *Dubai Tranz* sank and ten sailors were missing while 11 other were picked up by the Hong Kong-bound tanker *Shino*.

South of Karachi the *Marium Trans* listed, sent out an SOS, and sank ten hours later. An Indian aircraft dropped a life raft and soon the Indian tanker *Front Maple* picked up the 11 crew men.

A small freighter carrying sand cap-sized and sank on the Pearl River in China and six died.

Off Myanmar the cargo ship *Dolphin II* sank in a tropical storm. Five were picked up by the Vietnamese bulker *Glory Falcon* but how many went missing was vague.

Fires, explosions, and other causes often took lives. Fourteen shipyard workers ended up in a hospital in Sri Lanka when a minor fire broke out on the tanker *Naik Jadunath* under repair in a drydock.

In Philippine waters an engine room explosion killed three crewmen and injured 12 on the passenger ferry *Butuan Bay* but most of the 513 passengers were unharmed.

In Newfoundland six fishermen were plucked from icy waters by a helicopter within one hour after an unnamed fishing boat caught fire and sank.

## Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

In Bangladesh, a fire on the bulker *Jon Chang* "substantially damaged" the vessel and burned two crewmen.

In British Columbia a fisherman bought the sizable fishing vessel *Blue Pacific* and was thinking about getting it insured when it caught fire and was badly damaged.

The 93' Solomon Island cargo carrier *Haurosi* had a bad engine room fire northwest of Saipan but radio and an EPIRB-detecting satellite brought help in the forms of a Navy helicopter and the *USNS Shasta*.

In Ostrand in northern Sweden two crew men entered an unventilated hold on the *Fembria*. Both died. One was the master who tried to rescue an unconscious colleague.

Four died when the product tanker *Northsea* caught fire and probably sank in the Gulf of Guinea (that's the coastal waters where western Africa bulges out over the equatorial belt). The crude oil tanker *Toledo Spirit* took off 21, the offshore vessel *Brago* retrieved one other and four bodies, and three people were missing. Also responding to the SOS was the crude oil tanker *Astro Phoenix*.

And then there were the uncommon incidents. The *Kristina Regina* collided with a log barge in tow of the tug *Pioneer* and local ship traffic was temporarily stopped while the local shipping authority got busy collecting about 100 logs drifting in the Baltic Sea.

In Ulsan, South Korea, a tug and the product carrier *Sam Jin No 1* collided and 63 tons of light oil and gasoline were spilled.

A Romanian sailor died while en route to Vancouver on the bulker *Jop*.

On the Kraterous in Uruguay a wire holding a lifeboat broke and the lifeboat dropped three or four levels onto three seamen doing routine maintenance below. They were more or less seriously injured.

A breakaway barge carrying corn on the Mississippi River hit a bridge support at St. Louis and forced closure of the river.

### Gray Fleets

Preparations for a possible Far East war continued unabated. China announced that it will spend US\$45 billion on its military this year (a nominal increase of 17.8%) and Asian nations plan to spend US\$108 billion on submarines and maritime defenses in the next ten years. The US will spend about US\$105 billion and Europe some \$99 billion in the same period.

For instance, South Korea plans to develop a class of 3,000 ton submarines by 2018 and will build nine subs by 2021. In the meantime, it launched the 1,800 ton diesel-electric sub *Jeongithat* that will join a sister launched last year. Also to be launched soon is an air defense destroyer.

Bangladesh re-commissioned a frigate it purchased new five years ago. It had become snarled in politics and charges of overpricing and had been de-commissioned.

Reports from China bemoaned the growing links between the US and India. Although India has stated it wants to be viewed as a neutral player, it will engage in naval exercises with the US, Japan, Russia, and China.

Meanwhile Burma announced it pledged the entire output of new undersea

gas fields to China while China may extend a railroad to Nepal, thus undermining India's long-standing economic and political influence over that mountain state.

US, Norwegian, and Spanish warships exercised together off the California coast where facilities exist to give the warships' Aegis radar systems a thorough workout.

Farther north the Navy fleet tug *USNS Navajo* towed the old Canadian destroyer *HMS Huron* away from the British Columbia coast and, in 12 days of war games, warships and aircraft of both nations sank the ex-warship as part of Trident Fury. It marked the first time Canadian vessels have been able to fire live missiles within that nation's waters; that is, if whales being present did not interfere. And Canada will build six corvette-sized Arctic patrol vessels.

What is on the sea bottom is often naval in origin. The Indonesian Navy is investigating something that fisherman found floating. It's a torpedo that has two propellers and four side flaps (fins?), is not of World War II origin, and does not belong to the Indonesian Navy.

Farther south the Australian Navy is busy investigating two objects. One, accessible only to ROVs, is its first submarine, the *AE1*, that sank in Papua, New Guinea, waters in 1914 with its crew of 34. The other is the Japanese midget sub *M24* that has lain on the bottom of Sydney Harbour since an attack in 1942. It was discovered by amateur divers last year.

A military court convicted a US Navy lawyer for communicating secret information about prisoners held at Guantanamo Bay, but he was acquitted of charges that he did so in the belief it would be used against the US.

A US Navy commander of a submarine squadron was relieved of his post due to a lack of confidence in his ability to command. He was the fifth commander to be so relieved in the last few months.

The Royal Navy is so short of funds that it has been ordering some of its ships to return to port at half speed. Many sailors fretted at the delays in seeing their loved ones again.

Camilla, the Duchess of Cornwall, christened *HMS Astute*, the first of a new class of nuclear subs. Iran protested Britain's offensive mindedness while Castro noted that the \$7.2 billion price tag for building the sub would train 75,000 doctors to Cuban standards. The Royal Navy responded by ordering a fourth sub in the new class. It will be named *HMS Audacious* and will eventually join *HMS Astute*, *HMS Ambush*, and *HMS Arful*.

### White Fleets

One cruise line has been hit by three bomb scares in three months. The latest kept the 2,600-passenger *Ecstasy* at Galveston, Texas, until authorities discovered that a suspicious package contained computer paper. The *Paradise* was evacuated in Long Beach after a hoax call and the *Sensation* was evacuated at Port Canaveral after a threat a month earlier.

In Bermuda a partial strike by ferry workers over an internal administrative matter delayed commuters and kept the *Norwegian Majesty* from departing for Boston for several hours.

Ads for cruise ships often promise luxury and excitement and sometimes the cruise line delivers. In Alaska the paddlewheel cruise ship *Empress of the North* went aground on a well-charted rock. All passen-



gers were safely evacuated and the ship later limped into Juneau for temporary repairs. This vessel consistently delivers excitement; it went aground on the Columbia River last March, ran aground in November 2003 on the same river, and a month earlier had hit a lock upstream on the Snake River.

Sickness, mostly viral attacks, hit 17 cruise ships through the end of May, the usual pace in the last few years. The Center for Disease Control reported that 184 got sick on the *Norwegian Star* and other batches of sickness broke out on the *Norwegian Pearl*, *Volendam*, *Seven Seas Navigator*, and *Zenith* while episodes hit the *Ryndam* on two successive voyages. Ninety on the *Superstar Gemini* were downed and earlier this year, the *QE2* had about 450 sick while the *Caribbean Princess* had 83 feeling very miserable.

Last month, a hundred passengers were sick on the *Midnatsol*, one of the famed Hurtigruten ships that serve Norway's coastal communities.

Off Scotland a man on an unnamed "luxury" cruise ship anchored in the Firth of Forth became sick with severe gastric problems. A small problem was that he weighed 445lbs (203kg) so a ship-to-lifeboat transfer wasn't feasible. A RAF Sea King helicopter (capacity 9.5 tons) winched the big man off the deck and took him to an Edinburgh hospital for successful emergency surgery.

Captain Stahre-Janson will be responsible for the safety of 2,400 passengers on the 880' *Monarch of the Seas*. She is that line's first female master.

One cruise line said there are weaknesses in the US cruise market, including Alaska and Hawaii, but European cruises are booming, and that is generally true elsewhere in the world.

### Those That Go Back and Forth

There were the usual ferry boat deaths, mostly in Third World waters. A ferry capsize on Lake Victoria and by the time fishermen half a kilometer away got to the scene 30 passengers and crew had died (but 39 more were rescued).

Five died in Myanmar after two ferries collided in a canal near Yangon.

Sixty died in Afghanistan when a ferry sank while crossing a river. Some of the dead were Taliban fighters.

In the Philippines the ferry *Catalyn-D* caught fire off Paluan and rescuers found that the total of dead and rescued numbered at least 287 although only 238 names were on the manifest.

But not all ferry passengers got killed. Twenty-seven were merely injured off Japan when a high-speed hydrofoil ferry hit a huge wave at 40kts.

A man who had just received a medical injection of radioactive isotopes set off alarms as he boarded a ferry in Edmonds, Washington. He promptly showed authorities the small bandage on his arm.

The master of a Thames River ferry was clubbed to death by "drunken jobs" or "an intoxicated passenger" (take your choice) at a pier opposite the Tower of London.

The British Columbia transportation minister said he approved of the firing of three bridge standers who were on watch when the ferry *Queen of the North* failed to make a necessary course change and ran aground at 17kts, killing two passengers. Upon advice from lawyers the trio had refused to cooperate with authorities about what happened that night.

In New York the Circle Line proposed using a solar-powered ferry between the city and Staten Island. A similar ferry may be used to serve San Francisco's Alcatraz Island.

### Legal Matters

A US jury acquitted a Greek company and two crewmen aboard the company's tanker *Captain X. Kriakou* of charges of using a "magic pipe" to bypass an oily water separator. It was the first time prosecutors had lost such a case. But they soon charged another Greek ship management company and the second engineer on the tanker *Kriton* with having done the same thing.

Five crew members were deported from the emirate of Fujairah after they had served one year terms for killing an Indian shipmate on the tanker *Champion Pioneer*. The ship's master is still serving out his two-year sentence for the same offense.

In Malta the master of the tanker *Erria Maria* was fined \$3,155 for sailing his ship through a prohibited zone, to wit, a fish farm.

In the US a tugboat master will serve 30 months in jail for sailing with a fake license. He wouldn't have been caught except his command, the tug *Margaret Ann*, sank on Lake Michigan and spilled diesel fuel.

### Nature

Scientists have been busy. Some have been puzzled at finding large patches of algae in otherwise barren mid-ocean. They now know that certain types of mid-ocean eddies can bring up nutrients, leading to algae populations up to 100,000 times normal.

Other scientists predicted that the North Sea may become "gelatinous" with jellyfish. An increase started in the mid-1980s and was caused by sea changes brought about by the North Atlantic Oscillation and Atlantic inflows into the North Sea. The voracious jellyfish may have contributed to the decline of cod and other fishes.

And yet other scientists noted that coral reef hatchlings dispersed by ocean currents can often find their way back to a home reef to spawn. This information may come in handy if increased global warming alters ocean currents.

Styrofoam peanuts washed ashore in bulk on North Carolina's Outer Banks beaches after 21 containers washed overboard from the *Paris Express*, but the National Park Service and eight other agencies got cracking and scooped up most of the little nuisances.

### Migrants

In the Mediterranean a Maltese military aircraft spotted a boat carrying 53 people but rescuers could not find the craft.

About 50 migrants were missing from two boats off Libya in rough seas, the French Navy frigate *Motte-Piquet* later found 20 bodies.

Earlier 27 shipwrecked Africans were found clinging to tuna cages and an almighty row then ensued between Malta and Libya as to which nation would take them. Malta refused permission to a Spanish tugboat to land 26 people it had picked up (Spain accepted them).

In the Atlantic, the LPG carrier *SCF Tomsk* picked up 42 migrants 500nm northwest of the Cape Verde islands. They had been drifting for two weeks and passed several days without food or water. One migrant died shortly after being landed at Praia, the Cape Verdean capital.

### Ports and Port Problems

Pakistan plans to convert the remote fishing village of Gwadar near the vital Strait of Hormuz into a mega-container port. The project is 80% Chinese funded. China wants a place to secure oil and gas pipelines from the Persian Gulf.

California's governor disapproved a license for an LNG unloading facility off Ventura County but assured everyone that he supports the state's need for an increased LNG supply.

A Canadian report said the St Lawrence Seaway could boost its throughput if it went after more container business and that would relieve increasing pressures on congested roads and railroads.

A US report noted that there may be a possible political backlash against globalization because the supply chain, especially from China, is close to breaking. Trans-Pacific freight is arriving faster than US ports can handle it and what to do with empty containers is becoming an increasing problem. Paradoxically, one European shipping company is limiting heavy loads back to Asia. The report estimated that the demand for port services will exceed supply nationwide in just three years.

### Metal-Bashing

Able UK, probably the UK's best-equipped breaker of old ships, will not complete its MarAd contract to scrap 13 ex-US Navy ships although it still may get local permission to scrap the first four that are tied up at its River Tees pier. But A&P Tyne, part of the UK's largest repairer of ships, easily got permission from its local body to scrap ships. All of which promise well because Europe is in the mood for some green ship scrapping.

New regulations will call for shipowners to maintain an inventory of hazardous materials on each ship throughout its lifetime and owners may have to pay to have a ship scrapped instead of selling the old gal in the Far East at some profit. One source of pressure on European shipowners is reported to be their children, who have been brought up to think green.

India wants no more junkers sinking just before they run up on a ship breaking beach. They must be certified as seaworthy enough to make the entire voyage.

Re shipbuilding: China took over from South Korea as the world's leading shipbuilding nation on the basis of orders received in this year's first quarter although Korea remains number one on the basis of backlogs and total volume.

### Odd Bits

It takes a lot of technology nowadays to move a boat. In Ketchikan, Alaska, the 147' stern paddlewheel tour boat *Alaska Queen* is powered by an 1884-built steam engine, two 50hp Honda outboards on the transom that are controllable from the wheelhouse, and a 75hp electric bow thruster.

The historic tea clipper *Cutty Sark* was largely destroyed by fire at Greenwich, UK.

### Head-Shaker

In Oregon an 86-year-old man was alone in the middle of the Willamette River in a small boat without a fire extinguisher or horn. He was not wearing a life preserver but was wearing hip-high waders. In addition, he had left his hearing aids ashore and was unaware that a barge was bearing down on him. Police sent him to shore.



Fund raising painting of Jean & Dale by artist Robert B. Dance.

I had recently read of the restoration of a wooden workboat called a Sinknetter. There was not much information about the boat or the project in the article so I went looking to find out what this boat actually is.

I am fond of wooden workboats, both sail and power, and have read much about them. I was surprised that I hadn't heard of this type of boat.

A Sinknetter is the name given by the local folks of Core Sound, North Carolina, to the uniquely designed workboats built in that area, particularly on Harkers Island. Sinknetting is the way to set nets, anchored off the bottom with floats above to hold it up like a wall.

There are two restorations that I found, one the *Sylvia II*, built in 1936 and restored at the North Carolina Maritime Museum, and the *Jean & Dale*, built in 1946 and restored at the Core Sound Waterfowl Museum. I found that getting much information from the museums by email, as their web sites offer, was difficult or impossible. I did find general information on the museum sites and further information on the internet.

The more accurate name for a Sinknetter would be a Core Sounder or North Carolina Core Sound Boat. At a brief glance you would think it looks similar to the workboats of the Chesapeake Bay. But, looking a little more closely, they are very different.

## Sinknetters of Harkers Island

By Greg Grundtisch

Core Sounders are generally 30-40' in length, 8½-10' beam. They had a 4/1 length to beam ratio. The ratios became more 3/1 as engines got larger after WWII. The older boat of the 1930s had a built up chunk forefoot that eventually developed into a deep-V shape after the war. The bottom is planked lengthwise, unlike Chesapeake boats. Chesapeake boats are cross-planked. Like Chesapeake boats, they were built by "rack of eye." The builder had no plans, sometimes a couple of patterns, but "just knew how to build 'em."

Core Sounders have rounded fantail sterns tucked under. This is to keep the working lines and nets from getting caught on corners. Nets were pulled by hand, often with a short mast and boom to aid in the work. There is a small cabin forward with a galley and two bunks, a steering station forward, above which is a little "window box hatch" for the man at the wheel to see in bad weather. Otherwise the boat is steered from outside in the work area.

The most unique aspect of these boats is the sheer and the bow flare at the topsides. It is said that this flare was originally developed (invented) on Harkers Island. This appears to be local legend and not substantiated in fact. The shape is locally known as the "Harkers Island Flare."

The most influential and noted builder on Harkers Island was Brady Lewis. In the 1930s he developed the building method that shaped the frames to make a strong flare and run planks aft to be faired to the round fantail stem. He was also willing to teach his method to others and this style of boat became the original Core Sounders that became very desirable to the fishermen of the area.

These boats could be beached or worked in very shallow water due to their very shoal draft especially aft. The design and seaworthiness of Core Sounders allowed them to venture out in the Atlantic also.

When looking at the Outer Banks, and especially Core Sound, it looks like perfect protected water ideal for sailing boats. What's really there are shallow rivers pouring into the sound with incoming tides along with shifting narrow channels and inlets surrounded by mud flats and banks, oyster bars, and small unstable sandy islands, mixed with strong winter winds or brief, powerful summer thunderstorms and gloom of night. Worrisome for 50' sharpies and deadly for 20' skiffs.

Jean & Dale in 1946.



Jean & Dale at haulout at Core sound Museum in 2005.





When engines arrived it was a welcome development and the sailing boats converted to power and the powerboats developed locally into the Core Sound Boats or Sinknetters. They also set seine nets, or mullet nets and trawled or dragged oyster beds as well as just about any other job on the water. This boat design was one of the first to be used as a "party boat," taking out a party of sport fisherman to the fishing grounds.

I wasn't able to get much building information about the *Sylvia II* other than that she is restored and at the North Carolina Maritime Museum. My requests for added info from the NCMM by email went unanswered despite several attempts.

I did find that the *Jean & Dale* was still being restored in a protective building just completed. She was built mainly of heart pine and juniper (cedar). She had a six-cylinder Chrysler automobile engine, 22" prop, and would go 18-20kts. She had a flat bottom aft, the flared bow, and some dead rise or V-shape forward. She is considered an excellent example of post war Core Sound workboats.

There is a local artist named Bob Dance who was selling numbered prints of his original painting of the *Jean & Dale* to help raise money for the restoration. The museum was sold out. I presume he still has some. He, like the museums, did not answer my email questions. His web site still has them listed as available as well as other prints of Core Sound and Sinknetters.

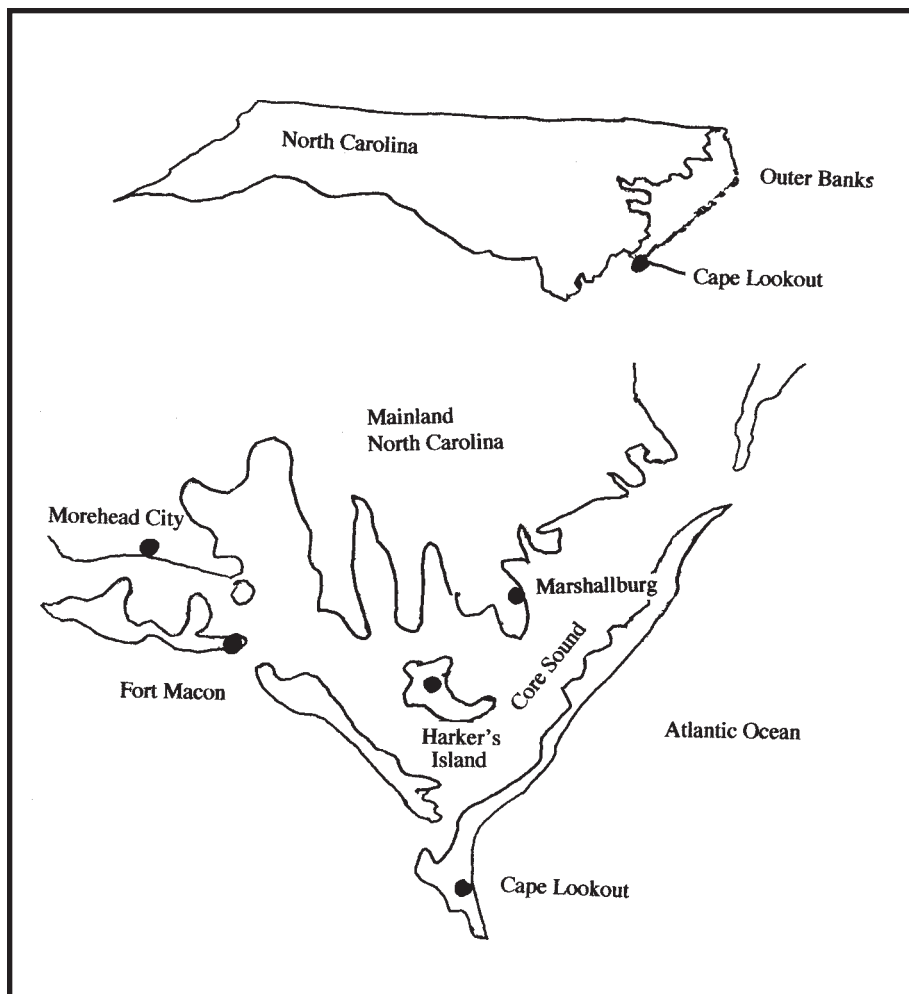
To visit the web sites:

Core Sound Waterfowl Museum at [coresoundmuseum.com](http://coresoundmuseum.com)

North Carolina Maritime Museum at [ncmm.org](http://ncmm.org), or [ncmaritimemuseum.com](http://ncmaritimemuseum.com)

Artist Robert B. Dance at [rbdance.com](http://rbdance.com)

They are all informative and worth looking at. Some interesting things to see on all the sites.



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It's nice to put a few years between the launch of a new design and the associated excitement and swirl of press releases and look back on how a given design has landed after a few hundred are built. Privately, one of the things I always liked about my Skerry design was that it wasn't the result of focus group testing or marketing research. It was a boat I imagined I would enjoy rowing and sailing, so I built one. People liked it, and we made it a Chesapeake Light Craft kit offering. I'm pretty sure that the more whimsical the creation, the more elegant the result.

There were a couple of things I was thinking about when I drew the Skerry's lines. The first was the tendency of stitch-and-glue boats, most especially those designed on a computer, to have excessively fine ends. I really like the plywood boats designed by the Atkins, pere et fil. In plan view the ends of their boats are filled out nicely above the waterline, which adds a lot of volume to the hull without making it tubby or blunt. Those boats aren't hard to build, so if the lay of the planks is carefully thought out they should work as stitch-and-glue boats, too. This took some fooling around in the computer, a blunt instrument if there ever was one.

The other consideration was ease of construction and minimizing the amount of carpentry to be done. The rails are the only solid wood in the boat aside from the spars and tiller. Everything else is plywood. This means that builders can pre-fabricate almost every piece, then assemble the hull like a giant airplane model. This took a lot of careful thought and drafting work.

There was a prototype that didn't make it. It had the same overall dimensions and plan view, 15'0" long and 4'6" wide, but with a wider bottom and more freeboard. This would have made a terrific little sailboat, powerful and voluminous. But I wanted something that was more easily driven with oars, so I redrew the hull with a narrower waterline and a lower sheer. In the process the boat took on a Scandinavian look, especially in the sharp flare of the sides. You can find photos of Norwegian faerings that look a great deal like the Skerry with their wide strakes and swoopy sheer. "Skerry" is an old Norse word that, among other things, means "small boat."

## The Chesapeake Light Craft Skerry Five Years Later

By John C. Harris

Picking up on the Scandinavian scheme, I chose a very simple sprit rig that copied the proportions of the sprit rigs seen on faerings. The spars are short so the whole bundle of spars can be stored inside the boat but the rig is nevertheless powerful for its size. Skerry #1 was sailed with a loose-footed sail for a few months. It was obvious, however, that although the loose-footed sail was convenient for rowing and rigging, there was a big performance cost on almost all points of sail. I made up a taller mast and added a boom to the same sail but it felt like I had added 40% to the sail area.

The rig has been criticized, though never by anyone who's actually sailed the boat. Armchair observers of the published sail plan complained that the sail was too small, the boom too high, and the peak too low. They are all wrong.

First, as to size, it's important to remember how light the Skerry is, only 95lbs, 30lbs less than a Laser dinghy. There are kayaks that weigh that much. The loaded hull sits on a water plane that measures 12'3"x3'6", a skinny, easily-driven shape. 56sf of sail works out to a sail area-displacement ratio similar to a Laser. The Skerry jumps right up to hull speed if there's any wind at all, and when the whitecaps are up the crew doesn't have to exhaust themselves keeping the Skerry upright. As a casual day sailer this is desirable. The lower peak echoes the shapes of the classic faering sails, and for the same reason, it keeps the center of effort low and the spars short.

I set the boom up high so that the boat can be rowed when the sail is set. This has been a universally praised attribute of the Skerry. The ability to jump to the oars to maneuver away from shore or around an obstacle is essential, I believe. In other small boats, the rig clutters the boat up so badly

that you can't row when you need to most.

Rowing was essential to the design brief and the Skerry glides night along with 8' oars, thanks to the narrow waterline and low wetted surface afforded by the flat bottom. I can and have rowed the Skerry all day long. Don't forget a bit of foam to plug up the daggerboard trunk.

There have been over 250 built, an astonishing number for a traditional small craft. Many builders have sent in reports of camp cruises along wild shores, something the Skerry is well suited to. About the only thing I don't like about the design is that the interior is interrupted by the center seat and daggerboard case which precludes the crew from sleeping aboard. A few builders are experimenting with open interiors and lee-boards, a modification I endorse, although I expect there to be a performance cost.

One clever builder turned his Skerry into a take-apart by building in two bulkheads in the center and sawing the boat in half after it was assembled. It bolts back together with a gasket. He stores the boat in his 15th floor apartment in downtown Chicago, transporting it to the street in the freight elevator for adventures under sail and oar on the Great Lakes.

Most of the Skerries have been built from kits. In 2006 I was able to finish up a plans-only option and that has proved popular. I expect to see a lot of interesting modifications to the plans built boats.

Skerry #1 was done in by a car accident. It fell heavily from a great height and the sheer strake on one side was crushed. The insurance company paid for a replacement and not all was lost because the huge trauma to the hull was illustrative. The patented "LapStitch" joint, which yields a lapstrake hull using stitch-and-glue techniques, broke not on the joints but on the surrounding wood. It's pretty clear that this building approach creates very strong boats with long life spans, especially if all surfaces are carefully sealed with epoxy.







**PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.**  
**BOAT DESIGNERS, PO BOX**  
**1209, GLOUCESTER, MA 01930**  
**FAX 978-282-1349**

In the last two issues we developed a narrative on our work in pursuit of sustainability of the resource and thus sustainability of the fleets and the communities ashore, by developing a design approach that should match this serious challenge. This time we are presenting a craft that was conceived as a light and reasonably fast presence on the water for Ecotrust of Canada, the NGO (Non Governmental Organization) that facilitated a trip to British Columbia by Susanne Altenburger, Phil's wife and business partner, to tour five ports and discuss with a range of fishermen and women how their particular fisheries and regulatory framework might be able to take advantage of our design approach to such craft. Never touted as a cure-all potion for all fisheries' aches, certain economic and ecologic realities appear to be more universal than initially assumed. The arguments first vetted (and rejected!) here in Gloucester do have a reasonable amount of traction in BC, for instance.

To state the obvious early and often, this design makes an awfully nice light coastal cruiser, efficient to run on the water and on the road and as safe as we think we can make such a craft. We expect to be buried in mad numbers of plans orders before the ink on this issue is dry...

### Blackliner-2K90/30P

#### Design No. 679-B "Monitor" Version

Length overall – 30'  
 Length WL – 28'10"  
 Beam overall – 7'8"  
 Beam DWL – 6'2"  
 Hull draft at DWL – 8"  
 Draft over keel at DWL – 12"  
 Hull weight (in fir ply) all up dry – approx. 2,500lbs  
 Hull weight wet (400lbs of fuel/100lbs water) – approx. 3,000lbs  
 Displacement at 8" draft DWL – approx. 3,500lbs  
 Displacement at 9" draft – approx. 4,200lbs for 1,200lbs of load  
 Displacement at boot top lower edge and 11" draft – approx. 5,600lbs for 2,600lbs of load  
 Power – 50-90hp large prop four-stroke outboard  
 Fuel tankage – 81gals of gasoline in 3x27gal tanks  
 Holding Tank – 29 gals

The basic Blackliner-2K90/30P design is a light, lean, trailerable workboat that requires modest investments in construction efforts, and modest running cost. Her simple structure results in a rugged, unsinkable, and efficient shape with a hull built mostly of renewable 'farm-grown' plywood, requiring only modest power to work her daily tasks at speeds up towards the low 20kts range.

Proposed as a very mobile presence for Ecotrust of Canada on the waters of the

## Bolger on Design

### Messing About In Fishing Boats

#### Chapter 3

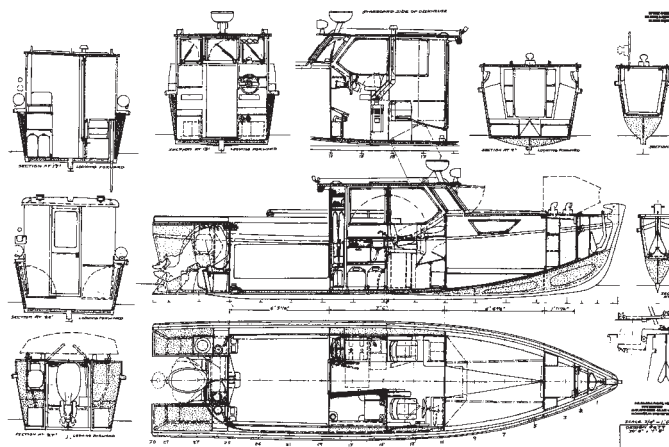
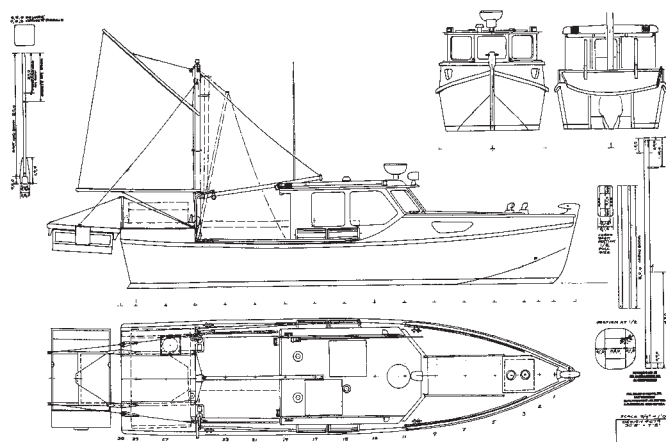
province of British Columbia, Blackliner-2K90/30P can support a range of educational and political missions and modest scientific work, whatever the schedule might call for across a given year. With two berths, a modest galley, plus a separate head/shower compartment, a 6'6"x6' cockpit ahead of the engine for research gear, plus a 6'6"x4' dinghy on her back stowed above her outboard, she has an

endurance of between a day and up to a week for numerous practical applications.

She can show Ecotrust's flag at politically significant events afloat and on land as she can be overnighted on in either scenario.

Afloat she could be a base for traveling educational missions, could support a graduate student or two in local and regional survey work, be there day and night for days to observe key fishing events up close, carry VIP supporters or budding high school scientists to important ecological locales, or be leased for periods of time to other institutions of ecological and coastal socio-economic focus.

Working the waters, she can support setting and retrieving of research traps and long lines, drift nets, gill nets, etc. for experimentation, modest trolling operations with one manual single spool gurdy per side, diving operations, and small scale Remote Operating Vehicles to investigate bottom



structures and habitats, depth sounding/fish finding surveys, plain low cost but steady observation above and below water of evolving ecological issues, plus whatever else might come to mind once well familiar with the craft's capabilities.

Very trailerable, this craft could be towed behind a mid-level i.e., ¾-ton truck/van/full size sedan to a launching ramp nearest the water destination.

With 90hp she may plane into the 20+kts range, for a guesstimated range of 230nm at full speed. But she would run economically in the mid-teens for up to over 300nm. And with two aboard supported by her amenities for a week, at 7kts displacement speed she ought to run well over 550nm on one full load of fuel, thus connecting more or less southernmost points with northernmost destinations of British Columbia's coastline.

If the first hull confirms the assumptions discussed here, sister ships could allow permanent province-wide presence in sectors that allow keeping the longer distance transit of each hull to a minimum for each hull's maximum local effectiveness.

This hull should set an example of how much utility can be attained with a modest investment and minimal carbon footprint in her daily operation. She is a fiscally and politically responsible example of how much utility can be attained with how modest an investment and carbon footprint in order to address the socio-economic and ecological challenges on the table of fishing commercially in the early 21st century.

### **The Monitor Version's Layout in Some Detail**

Her profile is characterized by her raised deck forward, a wheelhouse of approximately 7' length, the unobstructed cockpit workspace, and the mast carrying her steadying sail and light cargo boom, ahead and above the dinghy stowed upside down.

The stem profile is a consequence of her midsection and Vee-nose design resulting in a modest rake for long, waterline, and fine entry lines. Her Jonesport Cleat stem head produces a stout hold for anchor line or just bow and spring lines.

Behind it her ground tackle is stowed in a self draining bin. Ground tackle is managed by the crew standing hip deep in the hatch just ahead of her Vee-berths. The hatch itself is hinged to port and extends over the anchor compartment in order to secure its contents when it is locked. Crew opening the hatch from below thus also opens that volume as well. When standing securely in this hatch the anchor can be set and retrieved with both hands and the large cleat forward is within reach, additional lengths of line are stowed left and right below the hatch.

Mounted on this hatch right over the standing room of the hatch, the two centerline Dorade Vents will pump fresh air into the sleeping quarter whenever she is running, or there's a breeze at anchor, for trailering these vents are turned facing aft! With this hatch ahead of the berth mattresses a shower curtain section drawn closed behind the person in the hatch will keep rain off them.

In her sleeping quarters the berths measure 6'6" in length and about 22" in width. Clothes are stowed in the full length bin below the mattress with a maximum depth of 10" aft tapering to nothing forward. A few books, glasses, etc. can be stowed in the

small shelves left and right of the hatch passage. Around 39" of headroom allow sitting and slouching on the berths with a read or a laptop playing a DVD at the end of the day. The port lights are right on eye level and with their width allow extensive horizontal scanning of the waters surrounding, waterfowl will not be spooked by curious eyes behind glass this close.

With at best 4'4" headroom under the raised deck, getting up off the berth to stand up requires a step or two aft into the wheelhouse right behind its windshield. Here headroom averages around 6'6". The windshield's center panel opens all the way to horizontal for ventilation. The glass right ahead of driver and passenger and the house's four side windows are mounted fixed. This does minimize the building effort and cost per glass panel to bare essentials, and as discussed later adds significantly to her safety.

On this light boat the wheelhouse can have only modest square footage. But despite a highly integrated combination of functions there should not be cause for claustrophobia due to its airy and well-ventilated ambience. Driver and copilot sit on reasonably comfortable seats with prime view of her surroundings. Sitting or standing, the view ahead over the raised foredeck is minimally encumbered by the twin vents and her stem cleat lined up on the centerline for least obstruction.

As stated earlier, both sitting driver's and passenger's feet rest on battery boxes, putting the boat's electric storage capacity in a dry and clean location, readily accessible by the crew for maintenance or jump starts of one by the other, their combined weight of 260lbs this far forward is desirable to help balance the weight of fuel and engine aft. Each one is maintained by a dedicated 65w photovoltaic panel on the wheelhouse roof.

The driver's seat is mounted above a cabinet for emergency gear (flare gun, etc.), toolbox, and miscellaneous things, all accessible from the front, on the cabinet side facing the centerline the narrow and tall propane heater would find a central location. The seat bottom can flip up to allow standing at the helm. Seated or standing, the controls and instruments ahead, to the left, and overhead ahead of the driver are all within easy reach.

Optionally assisted by an inside and two outside mirrors as common in road going vehicles, the driver should have maximum situational awareness to control the craft in all conditions of operation. Her steering is a standard Teleflex push-pull cable system, proven and affordable. The engine typically comes with its controls, gauges, and alarms. As a workboat used across a range of conditions over the year, she should feature an integrated radar, GPS, depth/fish-sounder suite, available in compact and reasonably low amp draw versions for typically inshore applications.

For night time utility we propose one very capable pivoting spotlight on the house-top, controlled from below, for finding navigation marks, scanning the sea for flotsam ahead, or serving as a signal beacon. Additional fixed floodlights left and right and several illuminating the cockpit and her wake are part of her workboat requirements. And with her construction, it would not be particularly difficult to mount underwater lights if desirable for survey work; for instance, dipping lights deployed from her cockpit might do the job as well without cutting the hull.

Under the passenger seat's bottom a modest icebox offers over 6cf of volume, while the seat back folds down to permit opening up the galley cover to over 5'x 20" of area producing some 4sf of working surface over that flat seat back.

Behind the passenger seat the galley offers a propane cook top and a sink on top of the pantry cabinet. There is some 10cf of volume available below the sink and burner plumbing to locate provisions for the day or a week of work. The suggested details of shelving and drawers will evolve after some usage suggests the most efficient division of that volume into particular storage requirements. The view while fixing meals should typically be spectacular.

The right rear quarter of the house is taken up by the head/shower cell. The sliding door set at an odd cant offers the most agreeable compromise between available space and certain ergonomic needs. Here a simple Porta-Potti of over 5gal volume should support a week of work afloat by two. Under it is the built-in grey water tank of 29gals that collects from the sink drain and the sponge bath shower drain. Depending on regional regulation, both could be dumped just outside of inshore waters to extend the trip.

Outside of both, and extending forward under the driver's seat, is her off-centerboard, typically retracted when running at mid and high speeds, but deployed on demand when maneuvering slowly in tight waters such as marinas during crosswind conditions or when drifting in a seaway, controlling the hull's angle to the wind or seas under coordination with her riding sail aft. Depending upon the particular kind of work at very low or no speed being able to use the wind to help orient her toward certain favorable angles of drift can be very welcome. Whether this compartment's outwards facing window should be permanently made opaque for privacy or just fitted with a shower curtain covering the window in demand is a matter of choice.

Overhead in the compartment towards the centerline is the reasonably powerful 12v electric exhaust fan that draws all air out of the boat completing the fore-to-aft flow begun by the two vents on the forward hatch. With her decent battery capacity, fed intermittently by the outboard's alternator and every day steadily by her photovoltaic panel, this fan can be left to run for extended periods of time to assure appropriate levels of fresh air during onboard habitation, and a clean smelling cabin after periods of inactivity afloat or on the trailer. Should there be a need to run it all night the noise of the fan is quite a ways from the mattresses forward and around a corner or two for likely minimal intrusiveness.

Just behind the galley block on her port-side, a foot long full height hanging locker should keep oilskins handy after they have dripped dry in the shower pan. Top shelf holds hats, caps, and gloves, with boots and waders jammed into the volume down on the floor level. On its forward face small spice rack, kitchen utensils, and at least mugs will likely be found to be conveniently hung.

On the centerline on the aft bulkhead of the wheelhouse, a Dutch type door is hinged to open inwards to permit gear usage in the cockpit that might obstruct movement of the door if it opened outwards. The 12" high threshold should keep water out of the wheelhouse, while with the lower door panel



locked, the upper can remain open for a solid breeze through the wheelhouse. Fly screens here and in the windshield opening forward should keep warm nights undisturbed by flying intruders.

There is no hatch shown in the wheelhouse roof. Right ahead of the active and the passive ventilators and the VHF antenna left and right of the cargo boom crutch, the two 65w photovoltaic panels, located for least shading by boom aft and radar forward, take a good amount of the area between the handholds running fore and aft. Ahead of the starboard panel would be an area suitable for a hatch should it be deemed useful. Forward, radar and GPS antennae share the remaining area with navigation lights, spotlight, and side floodlights. Between the mountain tops in fjordland where line-of-sight radio and cell phone use would be problematic, a handheld satellite phone should allow costly but reliable communication on demand limited to serious purposes connecting back to the shore.

Left and right of the house, just abaft the break of the raised foredeck, she carries on each side two fenders on a permanently reeved line from that foredeck to the forward corners of the cockpit. From there this assembly can readily be dropped to protect her mid-section during landing at floats and piers, or for rafting alongside other hulls. Her stern quarters are protected the usual way by dropping one fender per side.

#### **Added Safety from a Tight Wheelhouse/Reserve Buoyancy**

There is no opening in the wheelhouse/cabin areas except the door on centerline aft, the windshield's center panel, the hatch forward on centerline, and two small diameter active and passive vents on or near the centerline. Keeping strictly to this geometry gives this slender boat a significant margin of safety in rough sea conditions as illustrated by the following example (underlying assumptions are closed hatches and door, but open vents for ventilation).

In poor visual conditions during daylight, and certainly at night, a rogue wave/swell may hit her square to the beam, pushing her over on her side until the cockpit begins to flood. The reliably enclosed volumes of the raised deck cabin forward, the tight wheelhouse, along with her enclosed foam volumes alongside her engine aft, will keep her from even reaching 90 degrees. As a consequence the cockpit's volume will flood only partially, then the weight of her engine, fuel, battery, and bottom construction will right her again.

With the engine thus not fatally submerged, the driver can alter her course for most steadiness while the two large bilge pumps in her cockpit after corners eject the water now sloshing around it. While, despite the highish door threshold, there may be some weeping around its lower gaskets, the wheelhouse should remain dry and safe.

As a last resort in such a rolling event with door left open, her built-in positive buoyancy will save her from sinking. But depending on the season, hypothermia will become an issue for the crew as the pumping out process will be lengthy with the engine likely stalled from immersion, leaving her to drift until an anchor or drogue can be set to stabilize her movement. Flooded this way even smaller waves will have serious reflooding impact. Having to clean up and partially redo her interior would be a very minor point in such circumstances.

On the other hand, many working powerboats afloat right now would be outright losses under such circumstances! And it would be possible to take several further measure to make the outboard engine more protected against this calamity starting with select applications of di-electric grease on exposed contacts under its hood going all the way to extending its combustion air intact, along with unprotected vents, to well above any likely flooded waterline to become a snorkel. The latter could reasonably be achieved with flexible hoses attached to the hood ducting air to it via a swan neck higher up on the cockpit's aft bulkhead. Since every outboard is somewhat different, careful thought will determine in each case to make that engine more protected against this scenario.

That is why, short of high-end inversion-proof opening windows such as those on Coast Guard lifeboats, we'd rather not see any opening in the sides of her at all, even with such top grade window hardware you still can get caught with your pants down, distracted by work demands and fatigue. Even on a calm summer night a sleeping whale may get excited and cause her to roll, or a freighter or superyacht passing too fast too close can cause sudden dramatic wave action. Hypochondria?

Her cockpit floor plan is kept empty to serve any work purpose that might fit the vessel and this moderate square footage. Hinged right under both her side decks are 6'4" long by 24" wide work surfaces that flip up to about 36" of height from the cockpit floor. They are useable either one or both at a time. When flipped up they reveal under them fold down 6'4"x 24" bare sleeping surfaces that can receive standard camping sleeping pads. With the sleeping surfaces folded down to about 8" above the cockpit floor, the working surfaces can be lowered out of the way clean (?) as sleepers will touch them during the night.

#### **At the After End of the Cockpit on Centerline Her Mast Performs Multiple Functions**

Her riding sail allows steady behavior of her high bow and wheelhouse silhouette when in anchor or can be coordinated with the centerboard when drifting, as discussed above.

On the forward face of the mast she carries a modest cargo boom capable of lifting moderate gear weights into the cockpit from a float or another craft and vice versa.

Two sets of outrigger control lines can be run up to blocks on the side of the masthead to manage the shorter one line trolling outriggers.

A two-part bridle allows lifting the dinghy along with its davit to rotate the upside-down stowed daughterboat up and over to hang off her transom for ready deployment, a position likely typical after leaving port, with the dinghy carried piggyback again only in deteriorating sea conditions.

A bronze, stainless, or galvanized steel bar driven through the mast's centerline allows it to be used as a towing bitt to tow other hulls or some sort of sampling equipment.

And finally the masthead is an appropriate location to mount her 360-degree white light required for steaming and anchoring.

To allow trailering, this mast is kept purposefully shortish as it must be stored to port lying horizontally alongside her cockpit and house, strapped down solid for road transport. With two handles located for approximate balance of this tapered stick, it

is lifted up and over the coaming with its heel aiming at its centerline socket on the cockpit sole, which once engaged allows steady walking up of the mast until dead vertical and tight between two supports left and right, a mast lock fixes it into place for all the uses discussed above.

Her sail with its gaff and boom would be stowed detached in their own bag, likely inside the wheelhouse to stay out of the weather be it during highway trips or stowage of the boat. Attaching them is a matter of connecting the two shackles of her throat and peak line, the three parrels that connect gaff, sail, and boom to the mast, plus the boom downhaul. Her sheets remain attached to the afterdeck and then clipped to the end of the boom. During storage of the mast all of her halyards, troling, davit, and cargo boom lines remain reeved through the blocks on her masthead, typically restrained by a few sail ties or bungee cords (see note below).

Depressed into the after corners of the cockpit are two high volume bilge pumps designed to keep that volume dry from rain and spray and to pump out any rare green water that found its way over her high coaming, left and right. Attached to the underside of her wheelhouse top extension over the cockpit is a rolled up canvas awning that can be brought aft, stretched sideways by a bat-ten suspended from the mast, and tied down at the cockpit corners. With Velcro, canvas sides are readily attachable for driven rain events or just screens for the night sleeping in the cockpit. Indeed, a giant mosquito net could be suspended in lieu of the canvas to allow sleeping under stars, dew notwithstanding. Optional corner posts would allow the canvas to stand through stronger winds in the lee of the house ahead, assuming she can swing on anchor with the windshifts.

Abaft the cockpit, her three 27gal (US) fuel tanks surround the forward end of her outboard well. These three tanks are standard commercial off-the-shelf units and, with three units, allow keeping track of consumption in roaming survey work, leaving the last one always for the return run. With fillers extended upwards to after deck level, volume above the forward half wing tanks' necks allows a 16"x20" compartment of 34" depth on each side, ready to accept extra lines and her stern quarters fenders for an uncluttered cockpit, accessible from the cockpit through a fold-down cover on its front.

Hinged near the transom, the dinghy's davit amounts essentially to a frame on which the dinghy rests upside down and is tied to. With a bridle coming down from the masthead, lifting frame and dinghy towards vertical is easier and controlled, requiring a push to go over top dead center and drop aft over the transom edge with its descent controlled by the bridle line until frame and boat hang horizontal. Then lowering the dinghy from this davit frame into the water is just a matter of a two-part line each to the bow and the stern for a plumb attitude as it touches the water. Whether gingerly stepping into it here or alongside the cockpit will be a matter of preference, agility, and relative sea conditions, as the waters straight behind her stern may often be the calmest when she is at anchor.

The dinghy is a 4' wide version our 6'6" Tortoise that is well capable of carrying two adults, a 24hp outboard, or just oars plus some gear to shore and back. Here it can be used either for short milk runs, for work setting buoys or a trap or two for survey work,

for fishing with rod or line away from the mother ship, for just getting away for an hour, and actually makes for a decent, albeit inherently slow, sailboat for one or two. Equipped with her own amount of foam in her sides, bottom, and end she can actually serve as a modest lifeboat for two should the mother ship have caught fire somehow.

#### A Few Notes of Caution About Using the Mast, Sail and Booms Aboard This Lighter Planing Hull

Mast, booms, and riding sail are intended to assist in the scientific work aboard. This work is understood to be a concern only during moderate wind and wave conditions. Trolling boom deployment and hoisting action of the cargo boom is assumed to be conducted under such moderate conditions. Depending on wave and wind conditions, we would typically hoist cargo loads of no more than 100lbs.

Crew judgment on the craft in the particular conditions will determine whether more or less load is reasonable. As a scientific (versus commercial) task, two spool trolling for fish is assumed to be a fair weather proposition. Crew familiar with trolling

operations will determine on the craft in the particular conditions when conditions have deteriorated enough to cease trolling operations, and when to commence. The riding sail can stand in stronger conditions with her riding on a mooring or her own anchor(s). When running in rising sea states the sail should be furled securely; i.e., taken down, with gaff, sail, and boom reliably bundled with sail stops, bungee cords, or other reliable line.

Furling this sail would be done by dropping the gaff on to the boom with the sail cloth controlled by lazyjacks until the boom. sail and gaff can be rotated 180 degrees forward into the cockpit for final secure bundling. Once so secured, the bundle can be released to rotate aft again where it is controlled by the boom's sheet.

As a matter of reasonable precaution during rising weather conditions towards extreme wind and waves, we would propose to strike the mast altogether to eliminate top hamper of weight and aerodynamic resistance of these multiple spars, the sail, and the control lines. Finally, when operating both trolling booms or when hoisting significant loads we would suggest as standard policy to

close the wheelhouse door solidly to allow the craft to take advantage of her then tight wheelhouse and thus her reserve buoyancy in case lines, cargo, or trolling weights for instance catch unexpectedly and the craft is dramatically heeled. Cutting power (and backing up) when trolling or releasing the cargo hoist when lifting weight into or out of the cockpit are immediate measures to take to mitigate against the hazards of sharp heel and corresponding risks to crew and craft.

While she is unsinkable by structure, she is also for purposes of operational efficiencies a shallow narrow and light planing hull design with limited capabilities to absorb loads and stresses imposed upon her by trolling action or cargo transfer as compared to craft of more beam and/or weight that can not match her efficiencies. If routine harder trolling and hoisting work is a concern, the heavier displacement speed version of this hull should be examined for starters, combining various ballast options with economic but hull speed only operation.

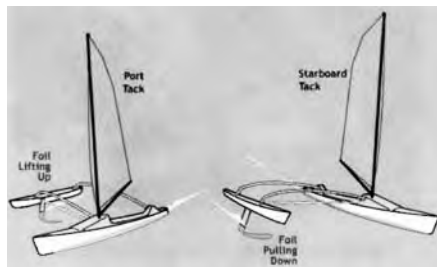
Plans for #679-B consists of six sheets and a 35-page Building Key, available for \$300US to build one boat from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

#### How the Patented DualLift Foil™ Works

The foil opposes the heeling moment imparted to the mast and sail. When the Raptor is sailed on the starboard tack, with the heeling moment attempting to lift the ama or outrigger out of the water, the operator lifts the foil control handle with light finger pressure and the foil is given a slight downward angle of attack, thereby keeping the ama at or near the surface of the water.

When the Raptor is sailed on the port tack, with the heeling moment attempting to submerge the ama, the operator depresses the foil control handle with light finger pressure and the foil is given a slight upward angle of attack, thereby supplementing the natural flotation of the ama and keeping it from submerging.

When sailing close hauled on either tack the foil also helps lift the boat to windward. This lift results from the foil's unique design. The horizontal surface of the foil makes an angle of approximately 103° with the vertical surface. As a result, a portion of the lift created by the foil is horizontal lift and this horizontal lift vector is always directed to windward.



## My Foil Stabilized Raptor 16

By John Slattbo

#### Features

My Raptor 16 tacks like a monohull and gives cat-like performance without a trapeze. It paddles like a Hawaiian OC-1 and is easy to right if capsized. No trailer is needed, and it is easy to assemble.



#### Specifications

Main Hull Length Overall: 16'9"  
Main Hull Beam: 13"  
Main Hull Weight: 40lbs  
Ama Length Overall: 12'9"  
Ama Beam: 9"  
Ama Weight: 12lbs  
Maximum Beam for Assembled Boat: 8'0"  
Total Weight of Assembled Boat Without Rig or Foil Truss Assembly: 65lbs  
Total Weight of Assembled Boat With Rig and Foil Truss Assembly: 85lbs  
Sail Area (Full Size Sail): 8.4sm  
Sail Area (High Wind Sail): 6.5sm  
Construction Method: Carbon and Epoxy, Foam Core, Vacuum Formed

#### The Raptor 16 Competition

A high performance one-design sailboat that tacks like a monohull, reaches like a beach cat, but is light enough to throw on the top of a car.

The secret to its exceptional performance is the "L" shaped foil under the ama or outrigger, controlled by a handle by your right hand. The Raptor has foot pedal steering like a kayak or OC-1 racing canoe. The foil allows "flying the ama" and achieving catlike speeds on a reach with no trapeze and no hiking out.

#### The Raptor 16 Expedition

Features a roller-furling and roller-reefing mainsail with vertical battens. With in-hull storage, and fitted with the optional Sidecar, the Raptor Expedition will go wherever you want to go.

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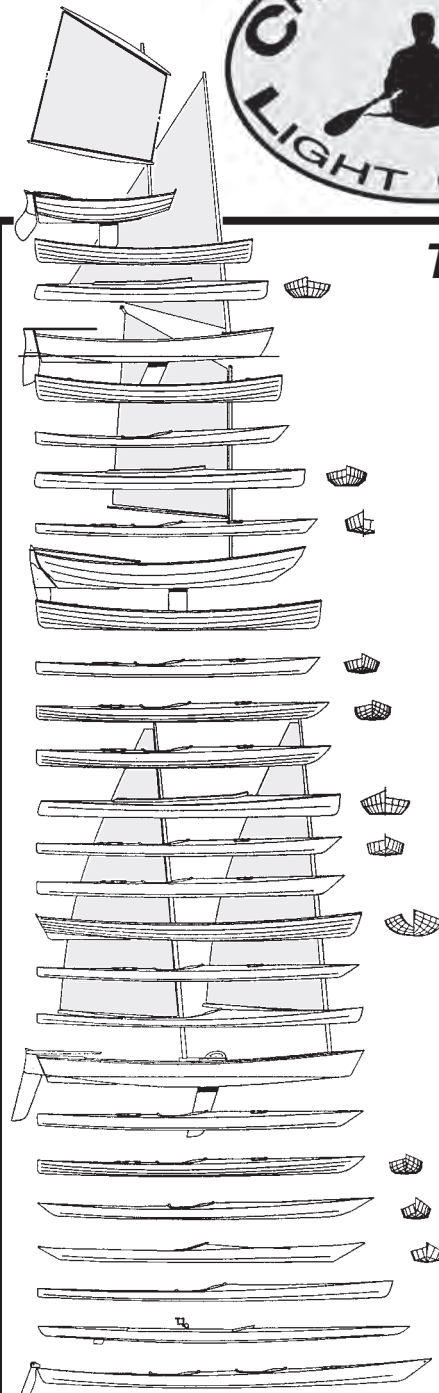
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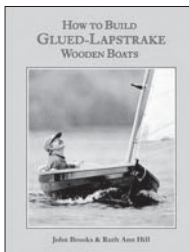
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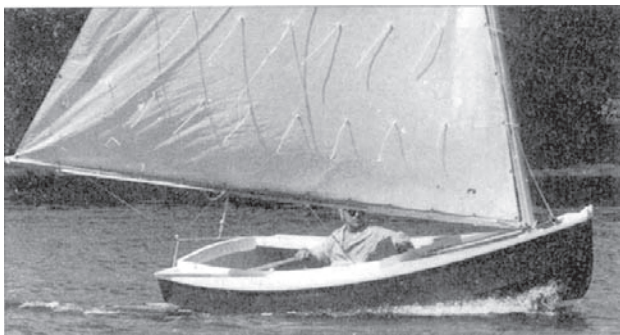


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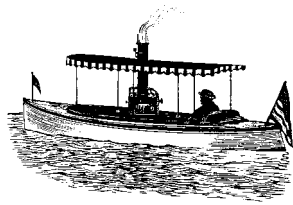
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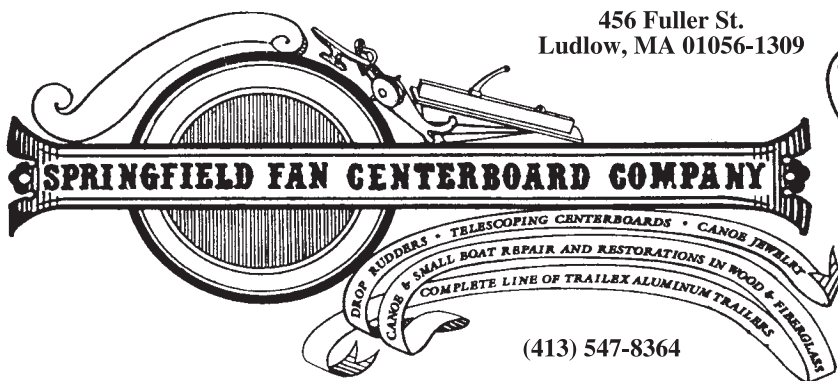
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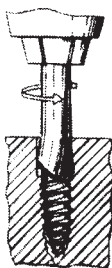


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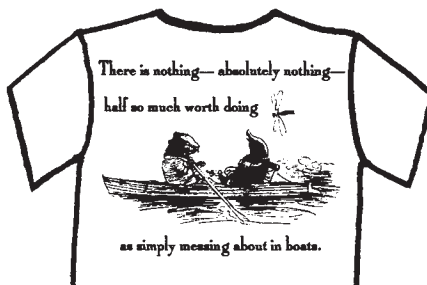
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**16'Hoby Sailboat**, roller furling, trlr. Just out of years in storage. \$2,000. FERNALD'S MARINE, Newbury, MA, (978) 465-0312 (7)

**Too Many Boats:** 18' Cape Cod Fisherman Skiff, (plywood), 25hp Honda 4-stroke '05, 10hrs. New trlr. \$6,800obo. Alden Appledore Peapod, fg, '01, Shaw & Tenny oars, trlr. \$2,000. Necky Kayak, 17'6", '06. \$1,500. DICK WHEELER, Wareham, MA, (508) 291-1319 (7)



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JIM CHASE, Stonington, CT, (860) 828-6311, (860) 535-2081 wknds, jimayo@sbcglobal.net (7)

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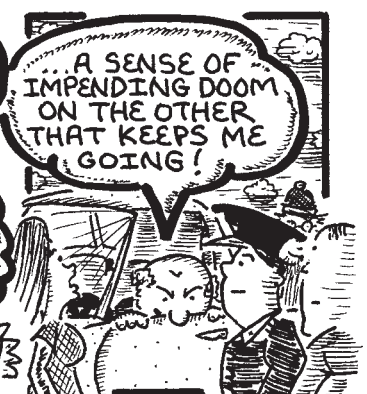
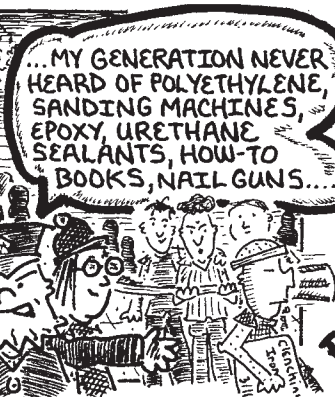
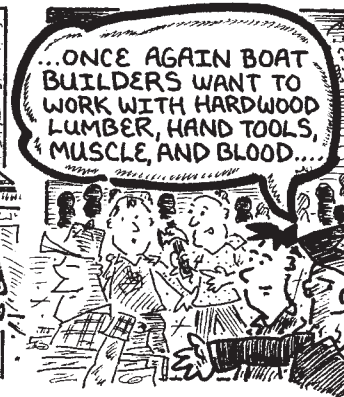
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